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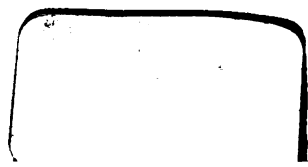
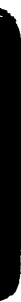
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SONGS
OF
SOUTHERN
SCENES.

LOUIS M.
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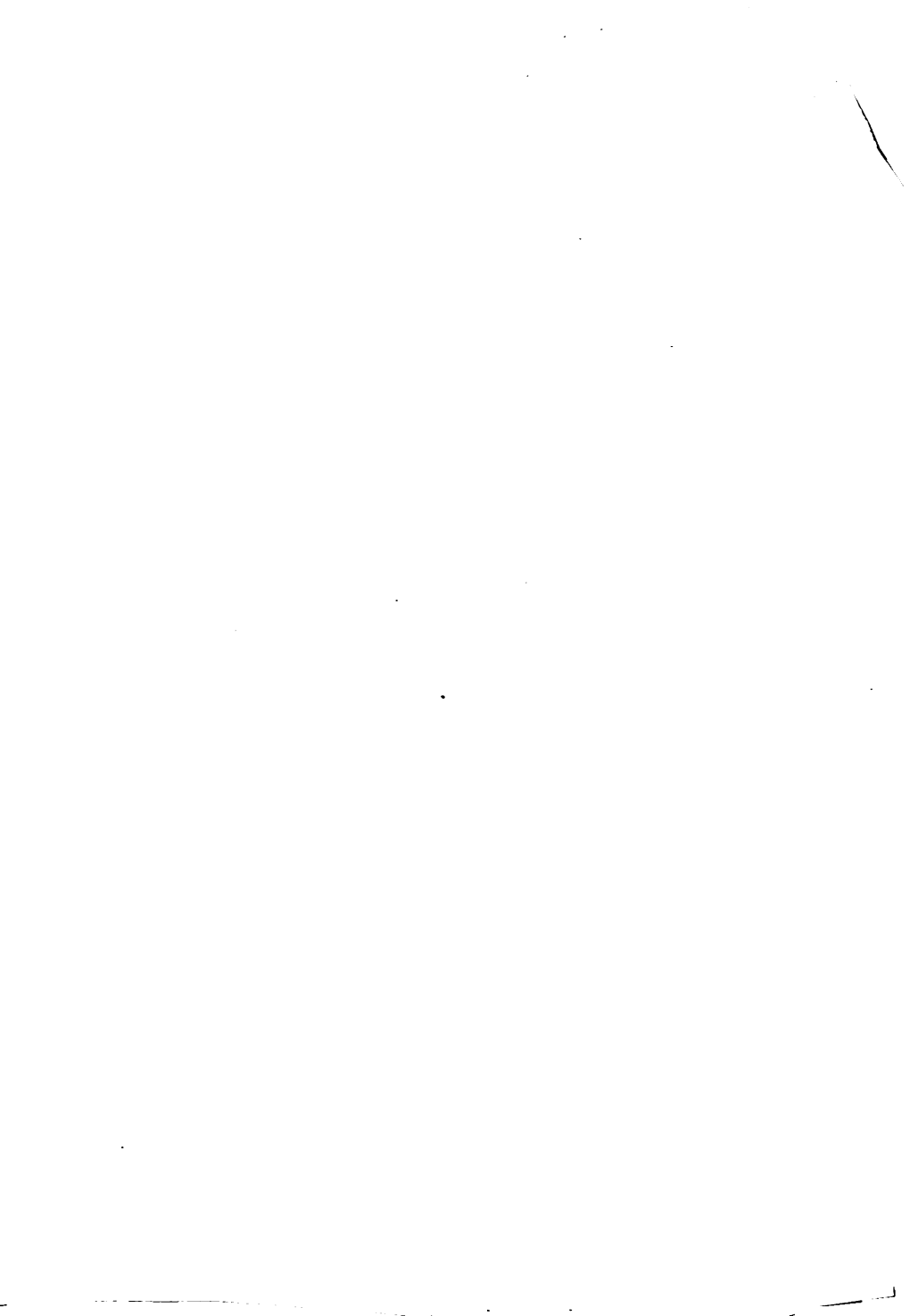
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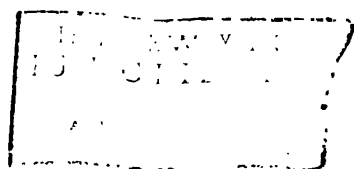
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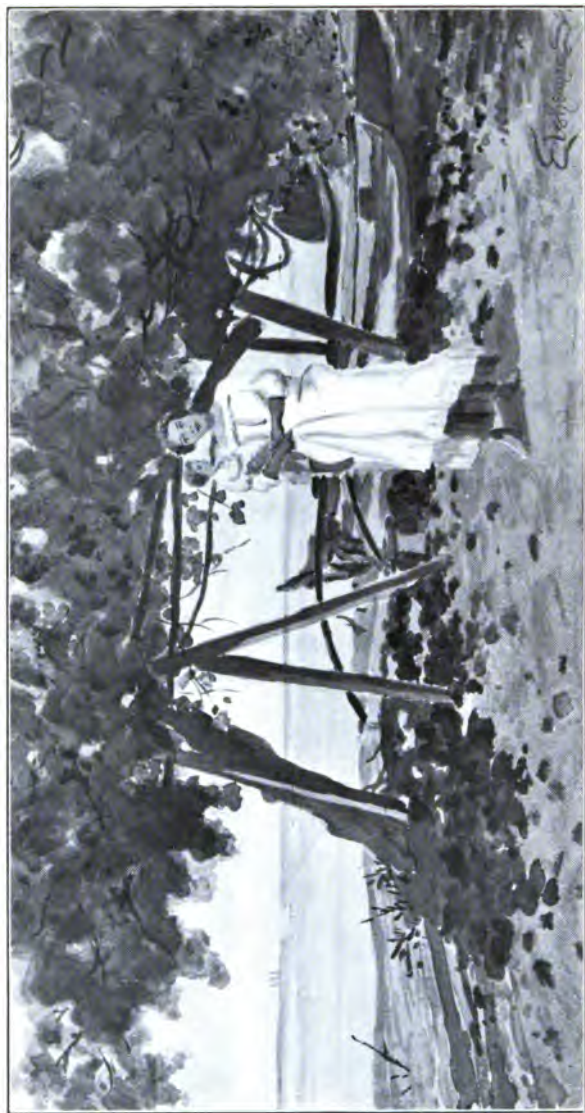
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Songs of Southern Scenes.







From a watercolor by Elshemus.

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SONGS OF SOUTHERN SONGS

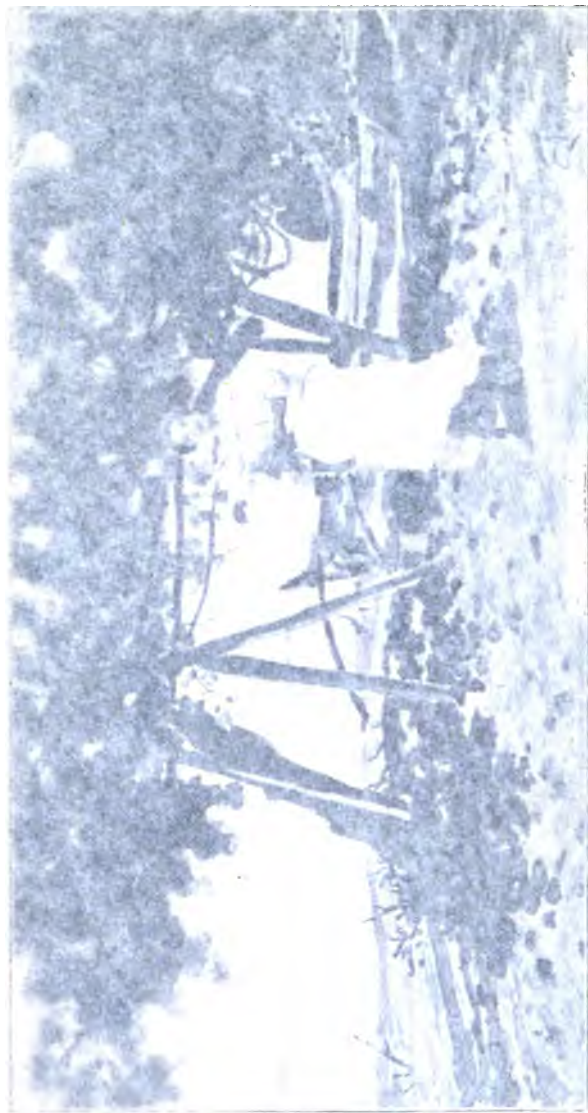
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LOUIS M. ELSHEMER
Author of "Poetical Works," "Mangoes,"
With Half-Tone Pictures from Paintings by the Author

SECOND EDITION



EASTMAN LEWIS,
152 WEST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET
NEW YORK.

1904



From a watercolor by F. J. J. J.

KANAKA. HONOLULU.

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SONGS OF SOUTHERN SCENES

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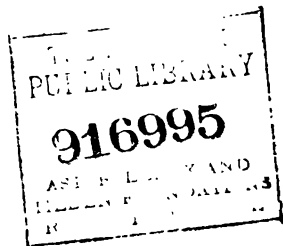


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In Samoa and New Zealand



LYRICS.

More subtle is the scheme of soul,
Where light invests all thoughts and dreams,
Than are the heavens, where star-hordes roll ;
Or the great All, where mystic essence streams,
For in the soul sweet sounds arise,
And the live mind with joy surprise ;
And lays, unwonted to the common man,
Lie brilliant as on actual scroll,
Wherefrom I trace, as quickly as I can,
The beauties—for the world afar—
And those, proud man, my lyrics are.

AT THE TOMB OF KING MALIETOA.

Here on this island-point thy tomb lies lone;
Three lowest tiers of roughest cobble-stone.
The palms around it wave their fans of green;
And, near, the emerald ocean-waves are seen
To break in snowy foam against the coral reef.

Malietoa, fair Samoan King,
Thy land has lost her former marvelling,
For under foreign rule she lies bereft
Of native kings; and all her power is left
To lowering pelf, that gave to all of thine great grief.

Thy followers had loved the bliss that grows
From giving dowers to all, that breeds no woes.
They loved the flowers; and the sun did lave
Their naked bodies in the brook's cool wave;
They all were happy with no money's greed and gain.

They helped each other; no reward was theirs
Save that their brothers gave them food and wares.
So lived they on their islands, free from strife,
Content with little, a true nature-life;
With health their own, and singing loud joy's jocund
strain.

But then the grasping nations set strong feet
Upon thine isles; and, with their armored fleet
Wrought havoc to thy coasts, till all thine own
Submitted to the power of a wide-famed throne.
And, now, all slowly, greed has clutched thy people's
hearts.

O King, short laid to rest within the ground
Of this fair point, that hears the reef-wave sound,
Could'st thou but know thy tribe's deep sorrow-song,
Thou wouldst be bold again, and arm the strong
To battle bravely 'gainst thy foes with poisoned darts.

'Tis well! Thy people do not bend as slaves
Their will to foreign power; their strong pride saves
Their forfeiting their songs of long ago;
They still preserve their rites of olden glow,
Walk naked, from their homes to brook, or through
the lane.

Still they together live in unity—
With friend and family, fair in harmony.

And ne'er forget their kings of yore, that bore
Them heartfelt sway; and still they yield to lore
Of old; and sing their Siva's wild, revered strain.

Malietoa, last of Samoan kings,
There on this island-point the sea-breeze brings
To thy plain tomb thy reign's fair history.
And palms their drooping branches sway all free;
While faint surf-sounds come from the ocean, wide
and far.

O King of one fair nature-loving race,
That lives a family-life with tender grace,
There will thy bones lie in the tropic earth,
Till in thine isles great nations will find birth—
And they will harm the native life through coins and
war.

Apia, October 7th, 1901.

DOWN BY OKENIA WAY.

I forget thy name!

It is all the same—

I remember thy beauty, Samoan child—

Just emerged from thy prattlings mild—

I remember thy voice alway,

That spoke sweetly: "Okenia Way!"

I had met thee, sweet,

Where, with whisper, meet

The soft sea-waves the beach, all palm engirt

Near Apia; and there, my dear, thou wert

My ideal of what girls should be—

Far away by the southern sea!

With thy sister wast walking,

And with her wast talking—

When I called thee to me; then camest thou

All so meekly, with fair unruffled brow;

With thine eyes a-dream, thy form
Half undraped, in the noontide warm.

 The fleet trade-winds blew loud
 'Neath white cloud and cloud—
The fletched sea came in, glory as guide,
When thou sattest agog at my side;
Thy brown hand I took in mine,
And sweet love illumed thine eyne.

 O just twelve years old,
 With such perfect mould—
As fair built as the maids in Athos vales—
Thy sweet bosoms as firm as the sails
Of frank-sammite, whom winds of the west
Swell to the shape of a breast.

 Oh, then side by side,
 Where Samoans abide,
We were seated upon a boat, sea-worn—
Thou didst talk, and in either was born
A sweet rapture that we could feel
Of new friendship the weal!

 Then I asked thee to aid
 Me: to pose in the shade
Of the bush, where the mangos are fair—
And "Yes!" was thy answer there.
Then I asked, "Where is thy home? Child, say."
Thy lips uttered: "Okenia Way!"

Then we parted. Soon,
As 'twas after noon,
I left also. When I caught up to thee,
Thou didst give me thy hand, for me
To enclasp; and we walked thus awhile—
Thy face lit with a smile.

Through to evening's glow,
When the winds are low,
I was thinking of thee, Samoan child.
The next day I wandered forth—beguiled
At the thought to seek, that day,
Thy home by the Okenia Way!

I soon found the alley
Where Samoans dally;
When I asked: "Where is Pahu?" they said:
"She lives a mile away!" And I fled
Past the palms to a hut—but, there
I did not find my fair!

O my sweet one, none knew
Where thy home-trees grew—
So I wandered all sad that night—
Thou wert lost—aye, lost—to my sight—
Thou sweet maid, with the bosoms so fair,
Thou wert where, oh, where?

I remember thy name
Sweet Pahu! It came
To my mind while I thought of thee,
I can never forget the glee
In thine eyes, as I asked thee to pose
By the palmtree-rows.

Thy fair form, thy bosom—
Thou, Samoan's blossom!
Thy affectionate hand-press, thy voice so sweet,
They will glow in my mind so fleet,
When I think to hear thee say
So dream'ly: "Okenia Way."
April 16th, 1902.

PAGO PAGO.

Pago Pago! Bay of dreaming;
Mounts all wooded, gliding downward;
Trees so shapely, with a seeming
As of folded velvet, falling;
Not a rock and not a bole—
Only green and blue doth tinge the whole.

Pago Pago! Love's own dwelling,
Where the maidens, dusky colored,
Walk the sandy shore, while telling
Secrets of their lives of beauty:
Lives of beauty, for they show
Their fair bodies in their natural glow.

Pago Pago! There I met her,
Young and fair with raven-tresses,
Young FANAGA! and I let her
Call me friend, while we were walking
On the palm and mango-way—
While I pressed her bosom, with no delay.

There we lingered by the waters;
There I tried to kiss her large lips;
She, confused, 'mid many laughters,
Bent her body, shook her tresses,
Till my lips just touched her own;
And our souls swayed then to love alone.

Pago Pago! Dreams thou bearest;
Green thy mounts and shores are ever;
Thou, of all thine own, the fairest;
Bay of sunshine and of beauty!
There I found true hearts that love;
There I found, to live in, one fair treasure-grove.
Pago Pago, Sept. 10th, 1901.

FANAGA.

First I saw thee from the southward steamer,
 Playing on the lighter as a child;
Unconcerned were all thy movements, fair one!
 Romping gleeful in a manner wild.
Then I called thee, and thy voice replied.
 Then I threw a gift to thee, sweet;
 Then an apple threwest thou.
 All while in thy naked beauty
 Thou didst laugh, while on the bow—
Didst laugh so free, to other maidens all denied.

Then the steamer left; and I had left her,
 One hour before she steamed to south away.
Then I sorrowed so to be without thee,
 Be denied to see thee romp and play—
See thee in thy glowing form, nude, fair.
 And I thought I'd never see thee
 In thy mirthful mood again,
 So I strolled o'er Pago Pago—
 Desolate, with soft heart-pain,
Dreaming of thee, in the breezy, tropic air.

Fair the vernant mountains shone, soft-dreaming;
Bright the sky; within the glorious sun.
While I walked along the shady roadside,
Saw the flowers fair, all one by one;
Loved the palms, the large bread-trees, and all.
By the wharf I tarried: like beryl .
The bay; the bold mountain around;
Wafts of breezes came, and lingered.
Low the laughs then did sound,
Laughs from the maids, and men so strong and tall.

Then thou camest, young, fair, nut-brown maiden;
All thy gait as modest as a doe.
Then I called thee to me, sweet Fanaga!
Held thy hand in mine, and held it so
While we talked of lovely dreams and things.
Then "Tofa!" and thou didst wander
Away to where the grass-hut dreams;
While my glances followed thee, child,
Coveted by all sunbeams—
Loved by wondrous flowers, and birds with jeweled
wings.

Softly stole a sense of sweetness to me,
Quickly yielded I to all its glow!
Then I followed after thee so swiftly,
Caught up with thee by the coco-row—
Held thee love-bound by the golden flowers.

There we walked in sweet embracement ;
Thou so bashful ; I, sweet-blessed
With the charms, thou, sweet one, bearest ;
With thy hand, that mine caressed ;
With thy trusting pledge to love me many hours.

There the birds flew by, or sweet were singing ;
There the wavelets lapped and whispered low.
There banana-palms did wave their wide leaves
All within the tropic midday-glow.
There we whispered words of trust and love ;
There, Fanaga, thou didst call me
"Friend !"—and true thy words flowed then—
While on me were shed soft languors—
And no wail rose in the glen,
Nor a song of sorrow hurt the gladdened grove.

Parting words we whispered, and I promised
Thee I'd call at thy neat home, not far.
Afternoon soon gloried on the island.
To thy home where many palmtrees are,
I wandered ; there I saw thee beckoning me.
Gladness peeped from forth thy glances ;
I was glad to feel thee near,
Then I knew thy kin and sisters,
All were free with wit and cheer.
Thou the nearest to me, lost in fancies free.

'Neath the grass-roof, with thy sisters dancing,
Dancing Siva's dance so strange and old,
There I first beheld thy tribe's weird custom;
Letting arms and hands and torso hold,
Dreamful swaying and fantastic heave.
Thou with lei sweetly ornamented,
Bosom bare, and limbs the same,
Seated as the Siva goddess—
On the dance progressed, while flame
And flame in thy large eyes told well thou didst not
grieve.

So, my sweet Fanaga, I had known thee—
Thus our sudden finding proved sweet love;
By the mango-trees we pledged true friendship;
We had kissed, all in the coco grove.
I pressed thy baby-bosom firm and fair,
And, in years to come, our meeting,
In my mind will linger long—
As the lei thou hadst giv'n me,
After singing Siva's song,
Will be near me when I'm journeying everywhere!
Apia, Sept. 16th, 1901.

THE SIWA DANCE.

He strikes the straw-tattoo in time:

Quick—sharp—each beat a whim.

Then start the others their sonorous rhyme,

That is to them a glorious hymn.

“Clack!” go the hands; their gestures show the sense

Of words they sing with vigor all-intense.

They bend their bodies to and fro;

Their arms and legs move strange, and wild!

“Clack! clack!” they clap their hands in row;

Then rise they, as if they were riled.

Again they squat; and sing aloud; and bend

Their limbs and bodies, while their shouts the hot air
rend.

Thus through a song, the rhymes sonorous,

With gestures wild and strange, they show

The meaning of the words, the chorus

Yields to the sense, or fast, or slow!

Then, at the end, they drawl their voices, till they fade,

And over is the wild, strange dance that Siwa made!

LINES.

Thou narrow, affluent brooklet,
Dost babble thy stories to this tropic brook.
Thou runnest gently over
Small rocks into the rushing waters clear
Of the wide brook, that has deep pools so near
To where I sit and dream: my favorite nook.

In front of me I see thee;
Beside my root-seat is the long, deep pool.
The brook, and thou, neat brooklet!
Are dense engirt by palms, and shrubs, and trees,
All loved by sun, and birds, and a soft breeze,
That keeps the nook and all the tropic wilds half
cool.

Here is sweet stillness, my brooklet!
Thy babble soothes the sorrowing soul, and seems
To freshen the heart's deep mourning;
For here no trade is, and no jealousy—
All sings a life of joy, and love, so free;
And most, here can I sweetly love my Spirit-dreams!
In Bush, near Apia.

AT THE BROOK.

Here, by the brook, I sit me down, and dream.
It is a spot that not like home doth seem,
For, in the waters cool, fair maidens play;
Not as our maidens do in dress array,
But in their sweet glow-nudity they swim,
And show to view their form, with fair-shaped limb.
They laugh and prattle sweet in unconcern;
To vanity their hearts do never burn,
But to the woods and flowers they songs entone,
And let the world's low pelf alone,
Then, when they're through, they with their mothers go
To their neat grass-house, built upon the hill so low.
And, when they're 'baft the tree and shrub, I dream
Of scenes, away, where my brook's waters stream,
Passed one still seat, where to the Muses fain
I dedicated many a sylvan vernal strain.
This brook is like mine own, but other people live
Beside its banks; and to the scenery give.
A different aspect: fair with naked maids,
That make so glorious all the tropic shades.

“FAALEFA.”

All by the beach, the breakers sound,
As though their song were underground,
So faint their song is, as the wind—
Plays round me, and by every palmtree rind.
Is this the south sea, is this island bright,
One with the Pearl-of-Isles by right?
Are these the skies they sing of, far,
In land of ice, and sleet, near to the northern star?
Oh, can it be that sun, and heat are gone,
While here I wander listless all alone?
The skies are ashen, the mounts are gray,
While laughter, and sweet girls are far away,
It must be so for all these three long days,
And sea, and land, ran wild with glory-strain,
Ay, now the reef sounds wild, with breakers moaning,
And cliffs feel all their splashes as they are groaning,
Yet not a sun proclaims a tropic glory,
The air, and land tell as with us a common story,
Yet, as I write here, on the dark, gray sand,
A native lies all dressed, as in his land,
His naked limbs and chest still show,
That here the air is ever in warm glow,

And, often coming down the beach, young girls,
Half naked, heads fair-dressed in raven curls,
Pass all in front; and they are brown;
And love the flowers, and yet despise a gown,
So as the waves dash now against the beach—
And palm-trees gracefully the sand-slope reach,
These are the signs, that here is tropic ground,
And I a place of nature-lovers now have found.

A TROPIC DAY AT SEA.

Fantastic clouds are floating round
 Without a sound,
Upon the far horizon's dreamy bound.
 Below, a creamy hue,
 Above, a paly blue,
As o'er the ocean's deep blue fold
The tropic sun-rays their dominion hold.

BESIDE THE BROOK.

O Brook, how many songs I won for thee—
Songs fair and fresh as in all poetry—
Thy murmurs low make rise within my mind
Soft music; such Apollo oft did find
Within the joyous eyes of his fair evening-love,
So stilly dreaming in his balmy Lesbian grove.

O Brook, thy whispers ever bring to me
The ease to form sweet words to melody—
Thy liquid gurgle is so fair, I fall
To all its charms, an ever willing thrall.
And when I listen long, my soul is lulled to rest
As breezes sleep when Phoebus sighs within the west.

O Brook, when love first wrought its havoc dread,
In my young days, to thee, as friend I fled.
I sang my sorrows as a Werther would
To thee, fleet flowing thro' the flowering wood;
And thou didst lend me scenes of hope for me to hold
All through my dreary manhood, ah, so lone, so cold!

Oh, in this tropic isle thou flowest on,
I listen to thy murmurs, all alone.
Alone, as at Mt. Giant's feet I sung
To thee my love-songs, all when I was young.
And now I'm old, with gray streaks in my hair,
And still I cannot tell of wedded bliss so fair.

Here, where thou flowest, sugar cane grows high,
And fua-fua trees shut from thy view the sky.
Along the jungle banks, bananas blow.
And ferns, and palms, and large bread-fruit-trees
 grow,
And cocoas bend near, where an open shines,
And nut-trees twine their roots, festooned with flowing
 vines.

And here behind me, in the bush I hear
Glad children's voices; I look—sweet girls appear,
With bronzed skins, half naked, calling me,
Then run away, all smiling timidly.
And then I dream alone again, as in the woods,
Where towering Noon-Mark guards Keene Valley's
 solitudes.

A SUNNY DAY AT ST. HELIERS BAY.

In this coast hollow, from the wind away,
I see, below, the emerald-hued bay.
Large live oaks deck the hollow's bayward side;
And in the thick lush grass sweet flowers abide,
Sweet wildflowers, such that blossom o'er there
On San Diego's hills, so green and fair.
And all around me, sing the native birds;
Behind me graze the tranquil kine in herds;
And, far beyond the five-mile bay there lies
Neat Auckland, faint, because so far from me.
And broken clouds sail in the azure skies;
While here I dream in sweet serenity.

Here chant the southwest gales of years now gone;
Of years when wars raged in these islands lone;
Of Heke's prowess; and of British men
Who conquered valiantly in mount or glen;
Of pioneers that cleared the bush, and made
Of wilderness fair homes, with lawn and glade.

And of the hardships all the settlers bore,
Ere towns rose fair, on flat, and cliffy shore.
Here sails a hawk; the gull, the beach along;
And, sweetest, sings a bird, with merry trill—
While gold-flowered gorse and blooming rose-trees
 throng
The hollow's sides, or throne the windy hill.

Here in the hollow, dreams flock to my mind,
As on the hill-top sweeps the tameless wind.
And I hold dalliance with the clover sweet—
The celandine—the pretty marguerite—
The gorse, the chickweed, and a hundred more,
That bloom here wild as in the days of yore.
But dearest is the song a small bird sings
Beyond the hill-top—clearest trillings.
One glance toward Auckland, dim on distant hills—
One at the emerald bay—one at the skies—
One at the tortuous oaks—then beauty fills
My soul with thoughts, and dreamy melodies.

St. Helier's Bay, Nov. 22nd, 1901.

AT THE MEETING OF THE RIVERS.

Here at my feet,
The Rivers meet :
The larger Waikato flows
Past willow shore and meadow sweet.
I see from here the blushing wilding rose :
The buttercup—the marguerite ;
While all along the bank dwarf-lilies lie,
And move as wavelets do that downward hie.

To left there rise,
In clear, warm skies,
The wooded hills and mountain low ;
To right, the weeping willows deck the shores ;
In front, the river curves, where bushes blow ;
Then hides ;—beyond, a range adores
The balmy winds that chase below a heaven
Serene, that is to perfect weather given.

Here at my feet
The Rivers meet ;
The smaller Waipa slowly winds
Past meadowland and gardens fair ;
Past flowery willow nooks, where pleasure finds
Fair boats to ply the streams, that pair
Here, just where I am dreaming in the shine
Of a sun-kissed air so glorious and divine.
Ngaruawahia, Dec. 5th, 1901.

A WALK THROUGH THE "BUSH."

(St. Helier's Bay.)

I've wandered thro' the "bush," this afternoon,
Surprised at all the beauties of this wild.
There twine fair glories, white as the full moon,
All o'er sweet-briers, blooming undefiled.
Full hundred bushes tall and wide grow there
Before I breathe the jungle's scented air.

And too the cabbage-trees of a hundred years
Stand glowing on the forest-floor all flower-thrilled.
And gorse, and scrub-oak on the sides, in tiers,
While all the air with wild-bee-tunes is filled.
A humming, sweet to hear; and then a bird
Trills out his joy—no other sounds are heard!

Then onward: soon the woods grow dense and dread.

A path, scarce seen, leads 'long the swampy dell.

Tall spear-grass hides the water; then I'm led

To cabbage-palm-groves (sweet there tales to tell!).

There rest I; round, the stillness sounds with song

From bee, and fly, and bird, as they knew nought of
wrong!

Then onward: quick across the swamp I hie;

And gain the hill-side, overgrown with bushes fair.

I skirt the hill; around, a dell I spy

With small grass-lawn; and hundred trees are there;

Tall fern-trees—centuries they stood there growing.

Brown trunks; their crests with lacy branches glowing!

Oaks, vines, a jungle, beautiful in all.

The ground with large-flower-clover, thickly grown.

With marguerites, and gold-blooms, and flowers
small.

A thousand growths by Nature's wild hand sown.

Strange trees whose names I know not, and new vines

Rampant on them—while high the day-lord shines.

I climb the hill-side—on top, are open views,

A strip of sapphire sea, and distant land,

And near me are sweet rose-bushes, in whose

Intricate stems the moon-white glories stand

Erect in beauty—fit for Eden's bowers;

For here wild Nature lavished a million flowers.

Then back I wandered to the cleared land;
Still lingering by the fern-tree's mystic growth,
To cull a rose; or, by morn-glories stand,
Wooing their beauty. Then I feel so loth
To leave this "bush," with dale and hill, o'erblown
With flowers and vine and trees, all beauty-grown.

Am loth to leave the grasses and the ferns,
That grow by roots, or those adown the dell.
To leave the bushes, sparkling—by the turns
Of paths, the glooms of oak-groves, and their spell.
All, all were dear to me, and now I go
Along the shell-decked beach, my mind aglow!
(1901.)

MAGGIE, THE GEYSER-GUIDE.

(Rotorua, New Zealand.)

She led me past the mud-pools in the village.

Then pointed to the Maori-graveyard on the hill,
While I was peering at her Mother-hubbard,

And at her quaint white hood that hid her features
still.

Then through the gate we went, and soon the sulphur-
fumes arose

From boiling springs, and geysers, where no flower
blows.

The wind blew spray and fumes into our faces—

The geyser rumbled—sizzled—while we stood agape,
She bent quick o'er a hole—and this did thrill me;
She smiled the while, and let no word of fear escape,
But then I saw her pretty features, and her laughing
eyes,

And on we walked; while I gave vent to many
“Why’s!”

"Have you no fear of all those boiling waters?"
"Nay, I was 'hatched' right on this steaming earth.
The other place cannot be worse!" she ventured,
And in our eyes a twinkle suddenly had birth.
Thus questioning, she grew more sweet to me, for in
her voice
Lay mellow dreaminess, that made my heart rejoice.

We passed the cave where one old chief had hidden
From enemies away; then clomb a hill, all white
From boiling springs, that'd crystalized, while flowing.
Then she sat down upon a terrasse, to my delight:
For then I took her hand, and read her fortune and
her life;
Ah! me! her young days were with dread and sorrow
rife.

Surprised at this, she, friendly-wise, confided
To me her woes, and told me many a pleasant tale;
Till up we rose and walked past pools and geysers
Adown to where the murk mud-pools so weird
prevail.
We passed her hut; and at the bridge we parted both
content,
For, on that walk, some of our thoughts were sweetly
blent.

Oh, Maggie, the Geyser-guide has many a virtue;
She talks so tenderly, and shows the sights so well.
Methinks she would be sweeter without the white
 hood,
With flowers in her tresses, so we'd see the spell
From glances, winsome; see her colored cheeks, her
 lips so fair;
Then would she be more beautiful to tourists there!

AT DIAMOND-HEAD LIGHTHOUSE.

The deep blue sea lies wide and round before me;
The sky is blue—a glory to the soul—
The sullen cliff behind me shouts: "Adore me!"
While nor'land winds find here their goal.
And here I sit and dream;
The song the winds do sing sounds on:
Hark to the low, long thunder-roar
The breakers make near to the shallow shore;
And see the foam they spread upon the green
Clear water, in the sun's most splendrous sheen,
So sing the winds that stream
From far-off Pali's tree-loved crown.

NEW ZEALAND COAST.

I am seated alone here, in midst of sweet clover,
The white-flowered, gold-bloomed—oh, so fair for
a lover!—

The buttercup oozes its gold to the sunrays and
breezes.

And the weeds and the timothy abide there as well,
While about in the air a small bird's song ne'er ceases;
He is flying o'er the hollow, o'er hill, and then down
the low dell

So persistent a singer, so glad in his voice and so free.
He is caroling, while near by the kine graze, so tran-
quil they be.

I am seated alone on the coast-ledge so high.

A fair rose-bush doth shelter me from the full
gale,
That blows strong 'gainst the oak-trees, and clears the
moist sky,

While the bird's sweet quick tunes and rapt trillers
prevail,
And the scene round me shows naught but grazing
land, wavy and green—
With sharp fences in plenty—radiant in the Summer's
fair sheen.

St. Helier's Bay, Nov. 28th, 1901.

NORTHCOTE.

Here is a small fair grove of firs and pines,
Upon a bluff above the Auckland Bay,—
The insects chirr; above the fair sun shines
And bushes glow in crimson flower-array,
They left this spot in guard of nature's lavish hand;
But not a soul is here upon this fertile land.

Why is it that no girls or boys I see,
Or lovers lying on the grass, where flowers glow?
Why is this paradise left but to bird and bee,
To bushes fair, and trees where blossoms blow;
To amorous breezes from the purple hills afar;
To singing birds that trill where radiant bushes are?

I ask in vain. Across the bay, the town
Shines from its thousand white glow-roofs I know;
O'er there the girls and boys work till sundown.
But thus their minds have no fair nature-glow,
And feel not what I feel here, on this pine-grown hill:
Repose and love that all my soul with gladness fill.

SONG.

Sailing through uncertain seas,
The ocean's girth a perfect line—
Above the cooling north-east breeze,
While high the winter-sun doth shine,
High ho! then care away!
We'll have a perfect tropic day—
And will not sigh for lack of lass or lad,
The blue, far sea, and high, blue vault, make us a-glad.

Steaming through the southern main ,
The zenith clear as lazul-stone,
The far horizon decked with chain
Of rainless clouds that shine above,
High ho! why sigh or fret?
We have with us the hope of land-life yet.
And know that what a boundless ocean seems,
Will soon be left behind for warm land gleams.

Sailing through uncertain seas—
The sun a glory-disk above,
All o'er the main a fresh north-breeze,
And, though alone without our love,
High ho! chase care away,
We're glad we breathe the air of perfect day—
We'll steam along, though lacking lass or lad—
The grandeur of the main will make us bright and
glad.

TO A FLYING-FISH IN MIDOCEAN.

What tho' the fierce trade-winds pursue
Their unseen victims far across the main,
All while the clouds roll 'neath the skies all blue,
And high the hilly sea moves wild again,
Thou, flying-fish! dost reck not, for I see
Thee fly above the swells so all unfearingly!

Thou creature strange, half bird, half fish,
Unlike the brine-born creatures of the deep,
Thou canst fly forth and, all above the swish
Of wind-blown crests, canst fleetly sweep,
With blue gauze-wings, full joyous in thy flight
Then well aware to drop and swim 'neath waters
white.

When gazing at thee, flying brave,
A distance o'er the gale-tossed swells, it seems,
Thy home must be deep in the storm-riled wave,
Thou but a speck within the sea and gleams
Of silver at the surface; and a mote of life,
Within the fathomless, boundless main with creatures
rife!

Then comes to me a thought of how
Thou must be lonely in the space intense
Of ocean old; of where thou mayst be now;
Where in an hour; where in a short week hence.
And in my mind it seems that lonely thou must be:
A speck of quivering silver in the wild, uncertain sea!

Fly, fly above the spray of the wave,
And flutter thy gauzy wings against the storm;
For soon thou must be dead by some deep cave
Far, far beneath the sparkling swells all warm.
For thou hast life but for a span I trow,
The sudden prey of monsters, wallowing below.

Thou flying-fish, with wings of gauze,
Leap out of the ocean in the gale's sharp teeth;
And fly, all joyous, free, with not a pause,
Above the seething swells; then dip beneath
The wave's turmoil and swim to where thy own
Await thy coming in the ocean's deeps unknown.

SORROW SONG.

Methought to see the native-beauty pass
Along the palm-aisle in her robe of grass—
And see her wear her lei redolent
Where'er she went.

But now she meekly mimics Eastern maids,
And shuns the glorious valley shades;
Ah me! she lists no more to nature's voice,
Nor beauty's choice.

Methought to stroll to valleys fresh and green
And there to love the natives, that had been
Fair in their natural ways, long years ago—
But now, oh, woe!

They hide their sinuous shapes, and seem estranged
To ancestral habits, when they ranged
Around their grass huts—bathed all free,
In liberty!

O Beauty! sound the sorrow-knell this hour!
Thy nut-brown maids forsake to love the flower;
Forget to live as nature told them, long
Ago, in song;

They die, all one by one; they love no more
To lie all free along the shore;
Nor when a poet seeks their homes, to show,
Their beauty-glow!

Honolulu, 1902.

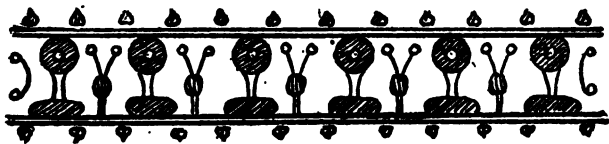
SONG.

(Hawaiian Hotel Annex Palm Grove.)

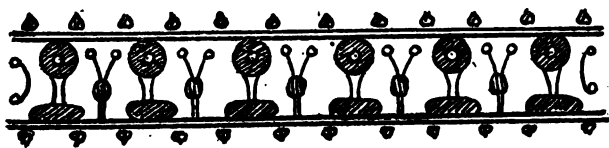
In yonder grove of palms all fair,
Where lotus flowers fleck the stilly pool,
There let us twain inhale the air,
That from the mounts blows strong and cool.
There let us lie
In dreamy ease—
While 'neath the sapphire sky
The mynah birds fly gleeful, as they please!

Then let the low 'mong mankind rave;
Their petty cares may freight their mind;
We twain shall talk, while palm trees wave
Their graceful branches in the wind;
While far, the blue
High mountain chain
Woos lagging clouds, of hue
As is the bark of palms, unvisited by rain.

And, while we dip our lips aglow
In either's well of love all pure—
The lotus blooms their sweets may show
To wanderer-locusts; and endure,
While winds blow cool;
And birds sing on;
And glassy is the pool,
And we may praise the warm inspiring sun!



In Algeria, Africa.





NATURE SINGS PEACE.

I found my song again this day,
While wandering o'er the untrodden way.
Wild was the scene,
Pink and blue mountains 'way beyond
The near stream-bordering palm-trees green,
With blinks of golden pampas grass,
Where fleet the sand-bred bird would pass,
And some stone bright like diamond,
Near at my lingering feet was seen.

I laid me down and listened long
To nature's all untiring song;
The cold north wind
Blew gently through the tufted palms,
Through herbs and past the olive rind,
The wind did rustle all the leaves,
The dried-up reeds and sheaves,
It sounded as if gentle psalms
Were sung the quivering reeds behind.

The lovely lilt of one small bird
Within the solitude was heard,
So crystal clear.
It was a cone dropped in a pool,
In lonely mountains fair and sheer.
No human shape, no human tread,
But strife and human wars were dead.

No spite, no hardship, no law's rule,
But peace, good kindly peace, was near!

So tranquil all, so made to dream,
To think, to live anew, and seem
A peaceful god.

Oh! in the air there wafted Peace,
And Peace sat, blessing trees and sod
So soothing, ay, inspirant, fair,
Was all the scene and wind-lulled air,
I drank as wine for short surcease—
Why must the world the war-road plod?

Then thought I of the worldly broil,
The curse that all must weep and toil
While nature smiles!
She fashions all, while Peace doth reign,
And flowers all, long miles and miles,
And in the glory of the noon,
Or in the quiet of the moon,
She sings always her peaceful strain
And willing man's hard life beguiles.

I've found my song again this day
While wandering o'er the world-far way.
Alone—a-dream—
I lay upon the sunny sand
Near to the gold-reed-bordered stream.
Low blew the wind, soft was the air,
Sweet choirs of Peace were singing there,
While in my heart I wished man's land,
The world, were as this calm did seem!

LINES.

Oh! hast thou seen
The lion's eyes
When new surprise
O'ertakes him—
And hunger awakes him?
They have the sheen
Of smaragdeen
Of intensest glow :
No pupils show,
But both his orbs
Flare with a glare
As though in there
The evening skies'
Most brilliant green
Their burnisher had been!
Yet nought absorbs
Their brilliancy—
Save when his prey
Away doth flee.
Then turn they grey
And calmly close
To satisfied repose.
Till new prey makes them sheen
To glare of purest smaragdeen!

Biskra, Africa.

INVOCATION.

For three weeks now no Angel gave
Me crotchets fair to set upon the stave
 From which I read
Such languor lay—or sheeny song—
That to the Heaven's Halls belong;
 And none exceed
Such beauty-tunes on which my thought doth feed.

But now, that near the desert bare,
I breathe the dry and balmy winter-air,
 O Angel! come
Again, my days with music fill
With new notes from the palm-decked hill;
 Or from the bloom
That sends sweet fragrance to the fold and tomb.

My long-lain lyre lull to lays
That treble forth new songs of southern days:
 Where sun doth reign—
Where caravans come in aslow,
And Mussulmen in grotesque row;
 Where sweetest strain
Is th' north wind through tall palm, down the desert-
 plain.

Grant to me yet the ease to flow,
Rare tunes like rustling breeze where lilies blow.

For, here alone
I live, forlorn and less my friends.
And though, far down, the desert blends
With heaven's zone,
The ripple of flower-haunted stream is gone.

Rare Muse! Keep by me yet—and shed
On me such images that long had fed
My solitude.

For now, for three long weeks, no tune
Arose, like calls in limpid June.
But nought was good
To calm my mind, far from song's stilly wood.

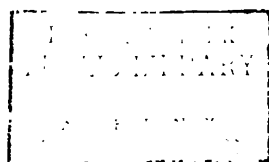
Teach me the desert rune; the psalm
That's sung below the sun, 'neath fruitful palm;
The sand's quaint strain,
To sing of colored garbs of those
That live strange lives by th' desert-close.
Give me again
That splendrous song to deaden woe and pain.
Biskra, Africa.

TO THE LIVE-OAK.

When Winter shows himself to view,
Not in his robes of snow,
But where the skies are warm and blue,
In garbs of silver-glow—
In midst of trees whose leaves are russet-gold—
Thou, live-oak, dost thy green forever hold.

Eternal verdure stays with thee,
Sap-brightness, and grand shape!
Nor doth thy fair vitality
From all the leaves escape;
But though the winter changed the other trees—
Thou, live-oak, dream'st in greenest liveries!

Fair emblem of eternal life
Not all must perish, when,
Aft' summer's glow and autumn's strife,
The winter harms the glen;
For thou, O live-oak! carriest life that spurns
Change, death—although the season snow-ward turns.
Spain.





From a painting by Elishemus.

AFTERNOON WIND.





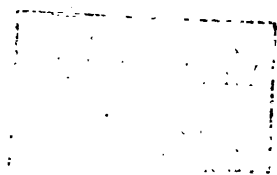
From a painting by Elsheinus.

AFTERNOON WIND.



From a painting by Elsheema.

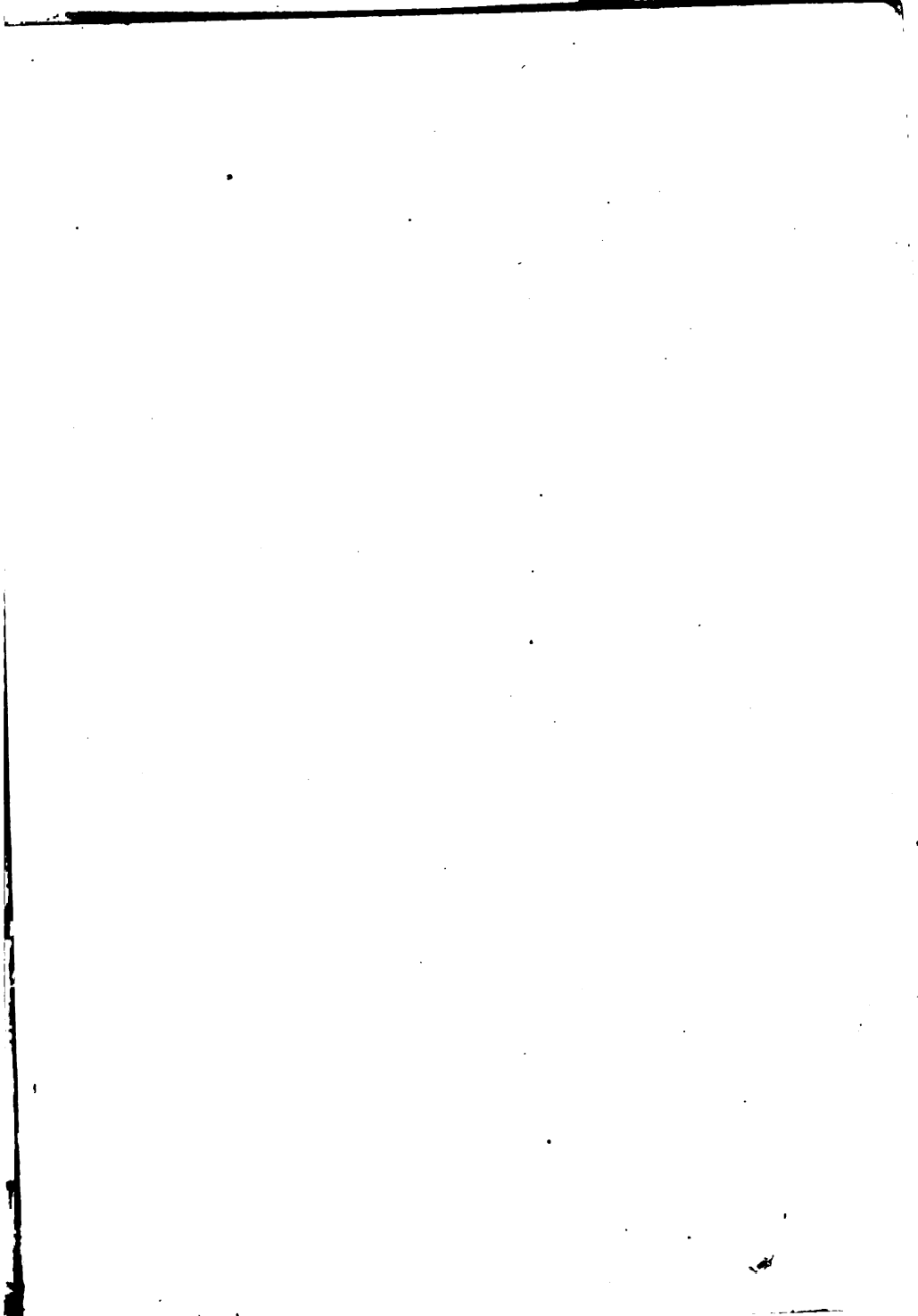
CONTENTMENT.





From a painting by Elshemus.

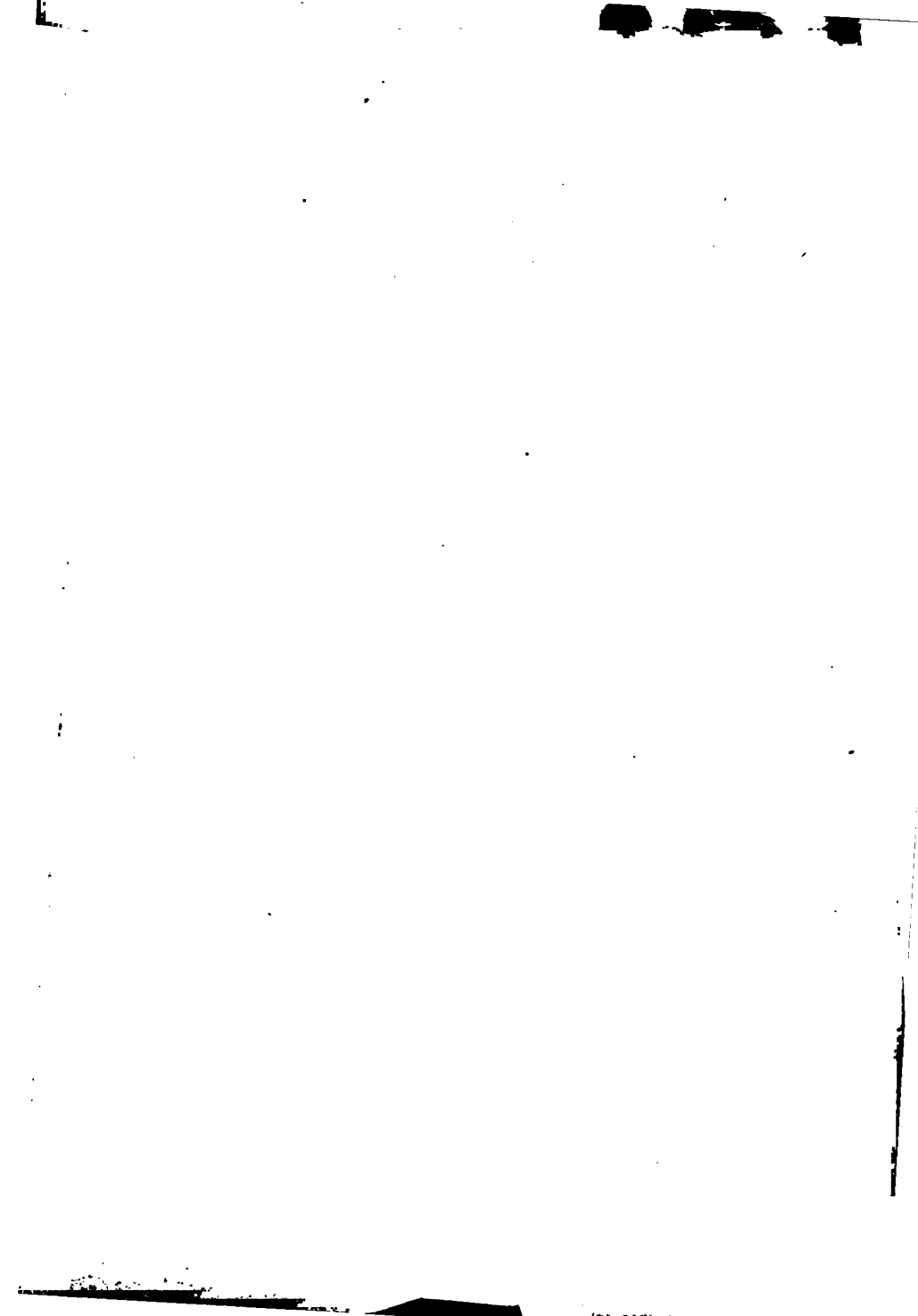
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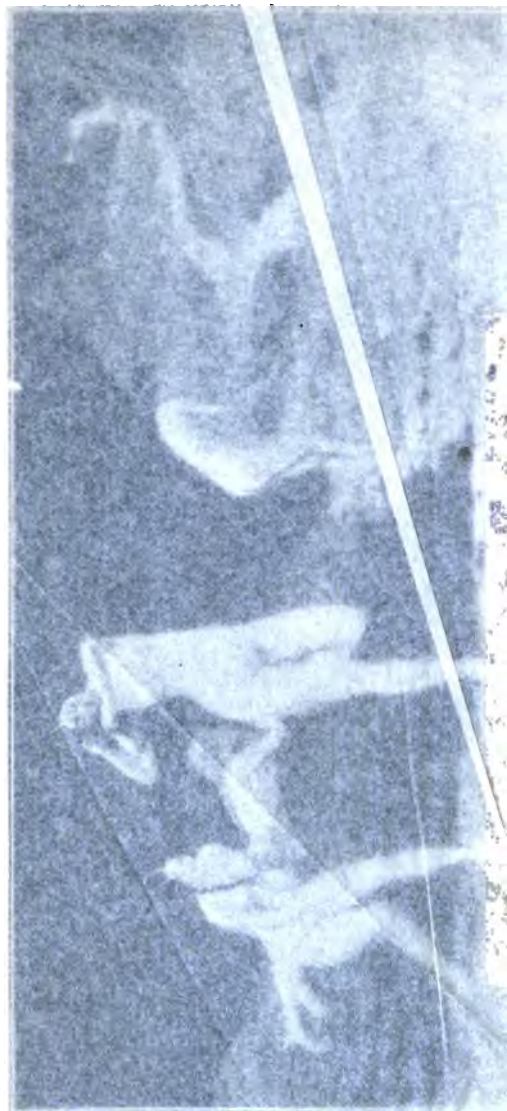




From a painting by Elsheim.

BATHING NYMPHS.





THE NYMPH



In Italy and France.



TO A MARTIN SEEN FLYING O'ER THE ARNO, FLORENCE.

Small martin, flitting o'er the waveless Arno, there
In front of old Palagio Uffizi,
Thou art as rich a treasure in the air
As Tizian's priceless paintings are to me.
For thou dost sweet enliven Arno's tranquil flow—
And all those cold stone-buildings of the long ago.

Thou flittest o'er the greeny waters: dreamily
I watch thy course; and soon mine eyes behold
Thee flying towards the eaves of Uffizi,
And there lie snug a row of nests all old.
Thy nest of clay is round, with one small hole! I wis
To let the air in, for thy little ones it is!

Of all the gentry, coming from the cold, old rooms,
Where all the masters' works hang for their gaze,
Who stands upon that balcony where dooms
Of greatest men were quieted, to praise
Thy easeful flight o'er narrow Arno's waveless flow?
Who looks above the statues, there thy home to know?

I have seen none ; but I, thy poet, stood
In dreams, where eight long centuries now gone
The noble citizens of Florence would
Walk, thinking darkest thoughts, their hearts of
stone.

I there have watched thee skim the waters green and
grey ;
Then fly to thy clay-nest, there with thy young to stay.

O martin ! flying peacefully, the age
Hath changed these many years of heartless pride.
The maiden's dream is but a soulless page
Writ o'er with show and guile, and nought beside.
No more the tranquil love, as is thy flight, O bird !
No more the melody of love sincere is heard !

Not e'en the sight of all these artful stones,
Not e'en the glory of these palaces—
Nay, not the view upon those mountain-lones,
That fair engirdle this town, the sage's bliss—
Not they—our girls, the world around, are smitten
quite
With sordid scheming, Satan's ways their one delight !

Oh ! may that row of sculptured great men move
The hearts of these our own ; and may that tower
So old ! so strange ! imbue them with soul's love—
Then might we poets find a song this hour.

But futile is my longing for humanity's new day—
A canker fell eats all earth's human charms away.

Then skim fair Arno's waters, smoothly flowing
Past these memorials of gone days ; thy young await
Thee 'neath the old, old eaves ; thou hast no knowing
Of all the old world's torments, and man's fate !
Nor, what is worst, that all our maidens' hearts beat
less,

The lovely human feeling, love's fair tenderness !

Florence, May, 1903.

THE POET.

Though man-forsaken, I am God-attended.

Though love-forlorn, the Spirits love me.

I listen to those songs with Heaven blended ;

And though for it all men reprove me.

A ROMAN STUDIO.

Within a building old,
With walls and floors of stone so cold,
 I found a room to-day.
This room is all of stone,
The ceiling out of boards of wood alone,
 And here I am to while away
The silent hours with no one nigh.
Ah, yea! for I'm alone—and would prefer to die.

Yet out of doors the air
Is warm; upon a court with flowers fair
 And trees, I from my window gaze.
I hear soft foot-clacks now
And then girl-voices, gay of heart I trow,
 And watch the leaves, ablaze
With sunrays, then a bird-song fills
The air with dreams of wolds by magic rills.

All while I puff out fumes
Of my cigar, and while the room assumes
 An air of solitude—
There sounds a knock, all low,
At the old, iron-bolted door—great joy! I know
 It is a joyous brood
Of models I have never seen before—
I go—and there I see sweet faces to adore.

They dance into the room,
Two girls, in Springtide's earliest bloom;
One fourteen, blonde and lithe;
The other twelve: her eyes are brown—
Both seem for dance and revel grown.
Their faces laugh with beams so blithe;
One Clementina, one is Ida, fair,
They seem to be sweet children, debonnaire.

Fair dight, in country dress,
They seem to move all in their cheerfulness,
As in their mountain-home
They sing a song—a-gee,
As though by their fair woodland-glades they be,
And would the hills to roam.
Then I do catch one in mine arms
And kiss her pretty lips, the which my heart-beat
warms.

Oh! now the walls of stone—
My feelings that I be here all alone—
Are blown away as night.
And those two faces fair
Will be my flower garden and warm air.
My room will shine all bright,
For with these girls I'll dream—
And stone and solitude like Spring will seem.

SONG.

(TO A. C.)

Why must thou fade—

One day,

As, by the warbling forest-glade,

The first bud of the May?

Why must thou cease—

One hour—

Those fluent words that aye must please

As fragrance from a flower?

Why must thou be—

One year—

As wilted petals—and to me—

Of all my joys—the bier?

(Roma.)

(TO A. C.)

Suggestive speeches came from thee,
And silent flashes from thine eyes.
A timid, tremulous thrill for me,
Often glowing pauses, as replies,
They came, as Indian rains to corn-fields, white as
lilies;
They flashed, as mellow lightning, when the stars are
shining;
It trembled as the warm reed, in the silvery river;
They were as silentness, when all the May was
warbling.

(*Roma.*)

QUATRAIN.

When gazing in thine eyes,
In me a melody is born:
As joyous as the radiant skies,
Just after break of morn!

(*Got in Cars, Italy*), 1903.

AT KEATS'S TOMBSTONE.

O Keats! there is a tombstone, near to Rome,
On which a four-stringed lyre is engraved.
Upon two pines, the birdling builds a home;
Yet, round it, trees and field-plants grow depraved.
Oh, why such mockery as sepulchre,
To one, whose songs will aye in all demur?

O Keats! no cypress o'er thy tombstone singing?
No winds touch harps; no birdling builds her nest?
Oh! no leaves are to thee a garland bringing?
Oh! unregarded is thy stone of rest?
O Keats! how proud is man—to thee he gave
A lot, a stone—to mark thy simple grave!

One line as boon: "I would to set a mound
Whose undying fragrance would attract all round.
I would a pillar could be planted high
To fill with wonder all the visual sky!"
Yet rest in peace!—Thy works will be
Thy tombstone, and our dearest memory!

Roma. (1888.)

LINES—(FRAGMENT).

Is this the Hybla-mountain, praised
By Virgil, in his Eclogues sweet;
Of whom high Ovid's muse had raised
Sweet song, as bee's sweet murmuring?
Is this Mount Hybla, where the feet
Of Nymphs once tinkled—
Their tresses' drops they sprinkled
Upon the moss, close to fair Hybla's spring?
It cannot be, for now it seems so bare—
Wrapt in a grey, instead of azure, air.
No groves upon the plains—no Nereid-dance,
Upon the blue waves, where the sunbeams glance!
It cannot be, it cannot be,
That this is Eagle's Sicily.
Where are her lawns, her fresh recesses;
Her breezes; all her lovelinesses,
That, with morn's dew, envermeil all
The flowered rocks, the mossed waterfall!
How can her myths be blooming now?
How can Apollo string his harp for lays,
When here's the trade-ship's iron prow—
No groves; no fields; no Sylph-enwaved bays?
Now, in the place
Of the sweet Muse's race,
A slow, uncleanly people live,
And so a smutch to her past glory give!

Syracusa, 1898.

SONG.

Two sisters I know—

One hath the serious gaze,
The other the glow
Of sweetness all ablaze.

One hath her lips severe,
No smile dwelleth there;
The other is so dear,
She pouts so debonnaire.

The one that my heart
Doth dote on passing well
Doth feel the dart
That flyeth from passion's spell.

She smileth so 'cutely
She pouts—and she seems
To feel, though so mutely
My glances' glow-dreams.

Oh, there is a something
That sparkles in her eyes—
A sweetest love-something
That to my glance replies.

(*Roma.*)

SONG.

(Written out of Doors.)

The creaking wain
Comes up the road.
Below this rock, the lake is layn;
Beyond, the craggy mountains rise
To cloudless, misty skies.

The creaking wain
With cumbrous load
Doth pass—the driver half asleep.
When all is still—near to this steep.
Oh, shall I dream? Oh, shall I dream?
I do not care—I have no friend,
And every thought doth seem
A sting within my heart to send.

No breeze doth move
On lake, in grove.
The robin's bell-clear notes resound
Above the lake's unknown profound.
The sun pours rays
On pond and ways—

But here the air is cool and still—
So fain my mind with song to fill.
Oh, shall I sing? Oh, shall I sing?
I do not care—I have no love.

I list to trillering
Of birds that wanton in the grove.

The mounts aglow—
Capped high with snow.
The stillness all around—below—
And, here, the trees and grasses green
With ivy in between—
All fill me so
With thoughts; I ween,
They would sweet weave a song so fair
As solemn as this mountain-air.
But shall I dream? Oh, shall I dream?
I do not care—I have no friend,
And every thought doth seem
A sting within my heart to send!

Lake Lugano, May 13th, 1903.

AT GENEVA.

We walked once side by side
Along the Rhone's Bise-trodden tide,
 Aye, ten long years ago!
And, too, out in the country, love!
Within the linden-loved grove,
 Aye, ten long years ago!
Where art thou now, love?—I know not where,
I am still a lonely wanderer
O'er this world, so strangely beautiful—
Filled with joys and sadness sorrowful.
Now I pass the bridge of our dear tryst,
Thou awaiting me when Night was whist,
Now I pass the street where thou didst wind
Thy young arms around me there fond love to find.
Now within the wood I see thee walking
Where ago we both of love were talking.
Now my mind knows thee to smile aglee
When I came thy lover true to be.
But that was long years ago, my love,
Now I aimlessly the wide world rove,
Still with memories of our walks so fair
In this Alp-wind fretted vernal air,
 We walked once side by side,
 Along the Rhone's Bise-trodden tide,
 Aye, ten long years ago!

Geneva, June 4th, 1903.

THE NORTHWIND.

Oh, had I thee in lightning's trappings—

Thou purging Northwind;

I would to whip thee onward swiftly—

Thou cleansing Northwind!

I would my thoughts could on thee lie,

To share thy magic potency:

The cloudy hours turn to sunshine;

The moist fields bring to glist'ning dryness;

The dreary day, to enspace with sunrays;

The sullen sea, to gladden with thunder;

So my thoughts could thy magic take:

The world from drowsiness to awake;

Politic struggles, turn to Angel-loving;

Fool's disputes, bring to laughing friendship;

Pelf, and its craze, to God-adoring!

Upbraid all vice with thy loud joyance.

I would my thoughts could on thee stay,

To share thy potent, purging sway,

Thou roborant Northwind!

I would to goad thee onward quickly,

Thou purging Northwind!

To cleanse this world of all that's ugly!

Nice, France.

SONG.

When tears did film my weary brain,
And woe would wail, or sigh—
Why flowed so fluent all my strain,
Like breeze o'er mountains high?

Is it, as by the marrish-pools,
Or near the streamlet's flow,
The moisture all the flowers cools,
So they luxuriant grow?

It must be so, love, once my all!
Tears change to lovely song,
As, when the tears of Spring do fall,
New flowers the meadows throng.

So when my tears flow down and down,
And longing lives with me—
I take jewel-flowers from song's own crown,
And bind song-wreaths for thee!
Aix-les-Bains, France.

AT MODAVE, BELGIUM,

September-winds are melody to woods;
And, shaking leaves, they surge the trees.
Oh! by the shelving oak-grown solitudes
The same create the plunging seas.
They shiver all the air; and wandering mists prevail,
It mizzles; see the fields and hills in silvery mail.

A drizzling sky, with high winds shaking all,
And from my casement, trellised green
By fruit-blessed pear-trees, I listen to the call
Of birdlings, cooing there, unseen,
And doves flit to the eaves; and dozing hens profound;
And cocks intrigue; and footfalls, hoofclacks
intersound.

It is the perfect country-peace, with song,
And calm home-clamors, and soft noise,
That mingle with the fitful winds, that throng
The vale, the hills, and dingles, and voice
The hamlet's peaceful happiness. O wind! I would
to be
Upon thy surge, and counsel calm's prosperity!

How pipe and chirp the birds; and coo the doves;
The freshness must inspire their song,
It seems they laud their life and sing their loves,
As any lass, who knows no wrong.
Oh! ye have monarchy, ye fitful lays from liquid
throats,
And lovingly I hearken there to all those blissful notes.

And with your ditties shine those fairy-days
That cheered my youth, by orchard-shade;
By Aolian-pine, and chestnut fair; by ways
That lead to brook, and flowery glade.
Oh! whilst the happy, rioting winds shout joyously
My thoughts are back in scenes of fairy-boyhood free!

But near me stands a stone-church; a true sign
That gilded Christ is here adored.
Alas! no mansion deft for prayers divine—
Where nature's grandeur is ignored.
Oh! where a mumbling voice moans; lips kiss relics
old;
Where tallow is wasted; superstition breeds, and
glories mould.

O Wind! tempestuous in thy headlong career!
Would that thy power could stop those sins
Which pope and priest in coldest heart-blood rear;
Whilst falsest faith the nations wins.

Oh! crack the oak; bend hoary trees—but raze that
kirk
Where image-worship reigns; and slaveries forever
lurk.

Steer on, O blossom of the future creed;
With songs of storms loud tune thy voice;
For in the planets shines the Glow; they leed
No one—the heart by nature-bred, thy choice!
O'er oceans, plains, through stars, passed suns, and
Alls,
There steer thee fair! Afar, the spirit's freedom
calls!

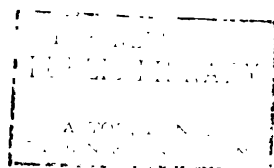
The birds pipe gay; the doves coo; and the wind
Yet blows the clouds; sweet chirp the birds;
And the calm village is content. Where find
My home?—A longing, not put to words,
Besets me; and the rustling leaves may lull not me—
For, lo!—where is the blissful glow of *our* liberty?
1887.

A LAY.

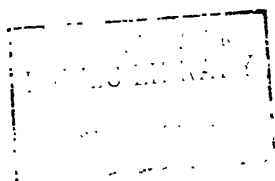
Oh! that the beauty of the rose—
 Its fragrance soft—its hue—
Could be a work of Him who let
The wild assassin rage, and fret
The lonely towns—or woody close—
 That both from one source grew!

Fair art, and music's languid measure
 You soften savage breasts.
Who loveth any art must be
Sweet loved by noble purity.
So let the nation's fairest treasure
 Be where art's temple rests.

Oh! that the rose of moral pure—
 Its heart-depth—and its tears—
Could be a breath of Him who let
The sanguine assassin rage, and fret
Neat virgin-beauty so demure!
 Where are God's Beauty-years?
Geneva, Switzerland.









From a painting by Elshemus.

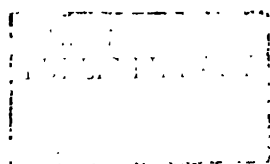
SOLITUDE.





From a painting by Elsheus.

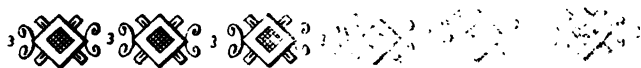
SOLITUDE.



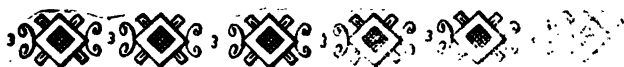


From a painting by Elshemus.

MOONLIGHT.



Sonnets.





From a painting by Elshemus.

MOONLIGHT.



Sonnets.





THE NIGHTINGALE.

I heard thee, Bird, what time all nature sleeps
At midnight, in the garden-grove. High walls
Shut in the road, but there I heard thy calls
And joyous trills, come from the midnight deep.
Intense thy three long notes; and rapturous
The following quips and quirks, as tho' to say
Thy mate should fly now to the garden-way,
Where poplars grieve, and chestnut-whipples toss.

I formed my lips to whistle as thy song—
And then, in response, all full-throated came
Thy medley-melody. Didst thou think the same
Notes were thy mate's? For, as the hours would
throng
And sleep beset me—still thy song arose
From garden-grove, and piny garden-close!

*Souvenir of Aix-les-Bains. Written in woods,
Hernskretchen, Bohemia.*

AT THE THERMAL BATHS OF CARACALLA.

Where once the paragon of Rome had trod
Upon the grasses, thick with poppies rare—
Where once the ladies, fairest of the fair,
Their bodies lithe, the envy of a god,
Slow bathed in waters scented sweet—there we,
A newer race, our feet more freely move;
Oblivious of the things those kings did love.
Forgetful of grim Nero's pageantry.

We walk the ruins of past glory now;
With thoughts more liberal than the tyrant's mind,
We look on walls stupendous, and we find,
More beautiful to hear, the children on the lawn
Make merry; and we think upon a dawn
When Liberty will garland every brow.

Rome, Italy, April 27th, 1903.

A SAD CONCLUSION.

At times, the sprite of music comes advancing
To brighten all my mind with soothing song,
Or, then, the fair, perfumed goddess young
Of art my timid hand is sweet entrancing.
Or, often, contemplation in seclusion
Broods o'er my thoughts, as doth at eventide,
A cloud where the descending hues abide,
That sheds the sun's last glory in profusion,
Or then, like twinkling sparks from stars, she trips
Gay fancy, in gay Humor's company;
But never showers sweet Love new imagery,
Nor lolls on lawns, where Laughter honey sips;
No more her face I see, as once ago—
But Love lies bedded in sad leaves of woe.
Spain.

LE LAC DE BOURGET.

I feel the genii working in my mind.

Like artisans creating rarest jewelry;

For I have left the northern climes behind,

I now breathe balm along an inland sea,

Whose waters, of the turquoise color, lie

Asleep within the silvery-golden airs;

Whose shores are girt with mounts, that cleave
the sky.

At whose green feet the vintner gay repairs

To town, whose castle once dwelled Lamartine—

Who loved his Julie by the rushy rocks

That taste the icy waters or their sheen.

There, there, lost in sweet song's dark flowery locks,

I felt new genii working brilliant themes,

Like unknown spirits weaving sweetest dreams!

Savoie, France.

BY THE KLAMM SPRING.

Just fifty feet above the rushing brook
'Mid beech, and pine, and fern, and seared leaves
Thou, Spring, hast dwelling! Shady is thy nook;
And murmurous music endless dreaming weaves.
Here birds sing joy to woodland-solitude.

Across the brook, a lover's path winds there,
From sunrays dappled, through the beechen wood.
How simple is thy happiness and fair.

Pure Nature, thine attendant; and, sweeter far,
Each day young girls come here, their jars to fill.
So would my life seem sweet; but life means war,
And mortals lead low lives contemptible.

So blessings take, O Spring! immortal here
In sun and rain, throughout the changing year!

Hernskretchen, Bohemia.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Methought to find fair maidens on these hills,
Sweet maidens, filled with love's affection rare.
But when I came, tho' orned with raven hair,
Their shapes with budding bosoms, all that fills
The ideal thought with low disgust, chilled me:
For as in maidens by fair Hudson's flood
They loved love-killing Mammon; and their blood
Forewent sweet love to touch Sordidity.

Oh, is this whole wide world infested quite
With Mammon's dreadest mania? Are there none
Whose hearts beat but for sweetest love alone?
Nay, nay! those maidens show no rare delight
For love; they must be paid ere men may kiss
Their lips, or wanton in sweet passion's bliss!
Roma, 1903.

LIFE.

Oh! life is pendant on a tenuous string,
The slightest frost may cut the threads, till life
Be dashed in the abysm of oblivion. Strife
May gnaw at it; and the least touch of wing
Will tear the string in twain; so life at best
Has but a slender hold upon this earth,
A pleasure 'twas that gave each of us birth—
And tears and strife urge us to be at rest.

Then wherefore, by a moment's pleasure, lead
So many bodies thro' these torture-vales, oh, say!
We know that grim destruction camps away
Upon the desolate shores of strife and greed.
Would it not better be to shun that bliss
So those to be know not life's bitter kiss?

Roma, May, 1903.

THE HUMAN FRAME.

Thou bird, in tranquillity picking the grass
Thou art a simple handiwork—but we
Have in our build such strange complexity,
Thou hast no needs nor woes as we—alas! ..
Morn moves thy throat to tune thy call; and noon
Prompts thee thy young to feed; and eve distills
Her dews for thy sweet sleep among the hills,
Day, night, sweet Nature is to thee a boon.

But we must bear the Daemon's curse all time.
His curse to be the prey of vermin vile—
Of baleful atoms that infest our clay:
Disease is rampant throughout every clime,
And most of mortals suffering all the while
Raise up their arms, for quick release to pray!

Written in woods.

HANDSHAKES.

We know the kisses given lovingly—
Those lingering kisses, till sweet passion glows;
But who of unobserving mortals knows
The handshakes, various more than kisses free?
Of those the poet sings with pleasure rare:
For these, with anger given, those with love—
And those that signs of sweet affection prove—
Are known to me, who sing of loving everywhere.

There is a handshake common to all round:
Each day we wish good cheer by shaking hands.
But sweetest is the hand of fairest girl
Who, by a pressure warm and long, commands
My love, so that my sweetest feelings whirl—
And thus would be my belle-ideal profound!

Hernskretchen, in woods, July, 1903 .

LIFE.

Poor child, just twelve, that laughing gayly then
That playing with me games, and talking free
Didst seem the semblance of alacrity—
But as I read thy mother's fate; and when
I said that she at sixty-five would die—
Ah, me! what hidden well of feeling streamed
Of sudden to thine eyes, that dreamed and dreamed?
What made thee feel a pang, what made thee cry?

At full-moon sings the bulbul joyous note;
What hidden woes may nestle there, unheard!
Oh, child! methought thy youth knew nought of tears,
But now I know each joyous-singing bird
Hath deepest anguish hid within his throat—
And thou, so young, didst weep from unknown fears.

Written in cars passing Wesel, Prussia, July, 1903.

DEJECTION.

O clouds, that roaming in the even sky
I envy such a life as you do lead,
Ye know no woes, on which we mortals feed,
Ye sail, without a mortal grief, on high—
You have no dreaded ailments, nor grim pain—
You sail in glory to fair Nothingness
As you do melt in ether—you are less
The wry marauders in our body layn.

Oh! envious am I of your painless lot—
Full envious that ye melt away—and all
Your short life makes me be to it a thrall—
For here we helpless mortals, crazed by thought—
Forget that we are but the prey of death—
Forget that soon we must give up our breath.

Budweis, July 12th, 1903.

GOD.

Omnipotent, not haughty, but indulgent,

God glows above the universe's powers.

No fear He harbors thro' all ages' hours;

But His Love-Wisdom is with ruth refulgent.

Death is His slave, as Life attests His glory!

No might superior doth He feel above Him,

All souls on planets or in space do love Him,

For God to Death gave new life's glowing story!

Resplendent in rare sheen unknown to mortals,
He reigns; above quick change's magic portals.

All fear Him; even death and life, since either
Inherits of His mystery the wonder.

God is to all that lives or thinks: Bequeather.
He reigns a Spirit far in spheres up yonder.

1895.

THE CREATOR?

At times, when ill, from accident or play,
My dreams see strangest images of Thee—
Creator dread! Art Thou what Humanity
Hath glibly named the great, good God alway—
Art Thou perhaps but a fierce Demon vile
Grinning at all Thy works derisively—
Laughing aloud at Thy base perfidy
Victorious in Thy low satanic guile?

Oh! Thou Creator, whom the centuries have called
Just, good, and provident, art Thou a name?
For when I think of things that so defame
Our earthly lot, I can but see Thee thrall'd
A demon, mocking at Thy creatures frail—
Joyous, when we groan loud, from anguish, pale!

Budweis, July, 1903.

IN BOHEMIA.

Oh! here Arcadia's semblance hath a hold—
Yet by the stream the children bathe all-free—
And care not if a poet them doth see
Swim in the tide, or walk naked and bold
Upon the shore. Gay children, young and sweet,
Some seven, others twelve, no older they—
Naked they lie, or swim, or make full gay—
Then dress as swift within the oak's retreat.

Such did I see, as walking over fields,
Till came I to the Moldau, narrow stream.
There saw I real what in my nightly dream
I see full oft. And unabashed they played—
Such to a poet sweetest pleasure yields
When with the sordid world he is dismayed.

Budweis, July 15th, 1903.

THE WORLD'S MASK.

Do not believe that laughters bright and gay
Denote that in one's mind ten joys abide,
They are a mask! Aye when one journeys wide,
When one threads life's most perilous, devious way,
Each person puts his mask of laughter on,
And seems to hear ten larks a-singing fair
Within his soul. But sooth! woe lingers there;
And this world's tortures dwell within alone.

The Daemon cursed His fairest creatures all
With pain and ills insidious; and His earth
Is peopled with souls that weep from fateful birth,
Through torturous life, their fate to woes a thrall.
So trust not to gay laughter—'tis a mask
We wear to hide our ills and life's dread task!

Tetschen, Bohemia.

TORTURE.

Is this not torture: when a lovely lass,
As beautiful as some voluptuous lily bloom,
Sits in between two women near their doom—
To see my glance by her deep love-look pass
And know we could be happy in our bliss;
But we must be apart—and torture feel
When thro her blood the thrilling passions steal—
And I am longing for a deep-pressed kiss!

But then she moves her arms in passion-dream
Or leans them on the table in expectancy.
Her languor-glances thrill me—while I seem
To wish her near me: love-gone, passion-free.
But such is all this world of shame and woe:
'Tis age that sore disturbs youth's passion-glow!

Florence, May, 1903.

A WISH.

Oh! were this world but free as in those days
When two eyes, live with lovely fires fair ·
Could join warm hands that felt sweet passion rare
Course in delectable delight their natural ways.
Oh! were we but allowed to dance to first delight,
To talk and let red lip to lip respond,
Then had we here the life of love beyond,
And this sad vale of tears were sweet and bright.

But in this Christian world we shun the sweets,
That natural, true affection would give well.
Instead, we make our Mayday one strange hell.
So let it be, that where a warm heart meets
An one that beats in unison, both may
Find pleasure in fair counter-love, all day!
Florence, May, 1903.

916995

INACTIVITY.

I would to paint—but there's no one around
To pet me, or to kiss to birth a rare
Sweet inspiration : picture past compare.
I would to write—but, all alone, I found
No words, that, were she near me now, would flow
As dream'ly as a brooklet thro' a wood,
Past Springtide! and a song of solitude
I could compose, but here I'm lonely so!

Oh, some sweet company must near me be,
So that the Spirits hasten to my mind.
Then all I do is like a Southern wind,
That blows, at Maytime, all the violets free!
Oh! free to blossom richly—and to spend
Rare fragrance to all round them—without end!

Rome, May, 1903.

SONNET.

I saw a hunchback girl; I saw the lame
And saw the blind, all maidens, fair of face.
Then to my heart a pang of pity came
When thinking that they had no pleasure-place
In all this woful world. But then I dreamed
That nature to those wretched maidens gave
Sweet passion—just as it to Venus seemed;
Or queen beyond the blue Tyrrhenian wave.

Sweet passion lingered with them, as it does
With any hale and beauteous huntress young,
That in fair Greece swore by Diana's song.
Tho' they are less their sight, their limbs or voice,
They feel eternal passion, as it came
To Venus, when her lord was love-aflame!

Rome, April, 1903.

SAN DIEGO—MIDWINTER.

Here balmy wafts of northern breezes blow,
The cloudless heavens the sun's fair glory claim—
The stillness tells of happiness; trees glow
And flowers smile irradiant—and the same
Supreme calm reigns all o'er the ocean far.
Here, while in Northern lands the fog and frost
Usurp the sun's warm shining, all is fair—
And in the open air we dream, while host
And host of birds ring all the sheeny scene,
Here might I touch the piano-keys and bring
To life rare melodies so Heaven serene.
Or could I feel a maiden's hand I'd fling
A dreamy lay, that, heard, would tell to all
A god I grow when to this air a thrall.

ESCONDIDO.

To thee, twelve years ago, I sang a strain
So fair, the dreamy Shiraz-breeze would love
Its tender words. I thought fair grove and grove
To see here, but the brown hills call for rain
That hath not come for eight long months this year.
I thought to brush my nostrils 'gainst fair flowers,
To sit snug-warm amidst green orange bowers,
But now I see the grass and trees all sear—
No blossoms, nor a patch of green, but cold
The air is, and the nor'-west wails past all.
The brown-leaved palms, the valley and each fold
That now to sadness I must be a thrall—
And in this solitude I can not know
A voice to cheer me in my long-borne woe.

SOUTHERN UNITED STATES.

What waste of land along this region lies,
This stretch of leagues and leagues of sand and hill
And mountains bare, where all is bleak and still.
Vast sepulchres below the rainless skies —
One desert doth succeed another here,
On which but cacti, shrub and dwarfish palms
Grow, where but little life is, in these calms,
And left to sun and sun throughout the year.
Two days from west to east, and two from south
To north, this waste has but wild Indians there,
And those are scarce. O, what a place in drouth,
When scorching sunrays hell-thrall all the air!
Then seems life strange—and then it seems to me
Mankind hath homes but where green trees can be!

Pecos River.

SONNET.

I questioned, in my lonely hours, the Muse ;
O why dost thou place disappointment dire
Within the paths of poets filled with fire.
To work great things, for which they grandly choose
Vast themes too great for common mortal's eye?
O why must ill success lie close to those
Who think sublimest thoughts? Why must vile
throes
Be friend to thine, who sing pure melody?

Then answered she, the Muse, so world maligned:
If sun-glow, flute song, weal and love be thine,
All days on earth, my child, the world would find
Such works that only gods of Heaven divine.
Thy paintings, poems, symphonies, would be
So fair—but Heaven's peers their glow could see!

THE KING OF SERVIA.

To wife he Draga took—a dame full years
Above his age; she was of keenest intellect—
And ruled his land—and would high lords reject
If to her thought they seemed ill-fit. And fears
Betook the army's heart, as she swayed all
To her own liking. They conspired—they swore
To murder them. A day was set—eve wore—
And the next noon would see their funeral!

A lieutenant sent a missive to his King;
Stating the wry conspiracy. There lay
The letter in his pocket—forgotten!—The day
Arrives—the die is cast—the warning failed—
With twenty wounds the king and queen lay nailed
Upon the floor—what awful murdering!

ARABS OF THE PLAINS.

The daisy's hue the Arab men's garb show;
Their burnoose of the sheep's wool woven is.
They of the desert—wandering seems their bliss.
Their wives wear draperies of colored glow,
The mayflower's orange hue—the midnight sky
Waves round their lean and bronze-hued shape;
Of flowering colors are their dress and cape.
While they by towns stay, or the desert ply.
Poor women—they are slaves of men; five feet
Back of their dusky lords they wind their way,
They do the work through night and sunny day,
Their husbands lead a lazy life complete.
Oh! happy women of the Christian tide,
You and your nobler mate walk side by side!

“OPPORTUNITY FLYING AWAY.”

Last night, upon my lap young Lilian sat,
Close nestling her sweet head and pressing well
Her rounded child-frame all against my breast.
Such lasted but few moments, acceptable,
Then at the morn, on rising, to my thought
It would be fair to greet her in the hall,
Before another would have kissed her hale.
I oped the door—fast flew she by the wall,
I saw her; but missed the bliss of kissing her;
So oft, (aye, is it every time my fate?)
I missed that fairy-fortune, I should meet
Upon life's devious pathways, soon or late;
But ever, as young Lilian, past me fled
Good fortune—and I knew grim hell instead!

GIBRALTAR.

Stupendous Rock and fort invincible!
Thou risest from the changing waters deep,
Like some undaunted demon o'er his keep,
Forever watching that thy power is well.
One pillar of the gateway to those lands
That England holds, thou dost defy all ill
That might come to thee; for thou knowest still
No nation can do harm to thy short strands.

And here the orient sun doth blossom all.
Thy walks lead through fair gardens, charged with
scents;
And, near thy cannoned, towered battlements,
The winds bring life to palm and fir-tree tall.
The furze grows here; and, ever art thou proud
To stand long siege 'gainst armies vast and loud.

"Gib.," March 8th, 1893.

SONNET.

O palm, thou needest water for thy years—
So in thy youth thy branches circle round,
And perish then near to the desert ground.
But from the stalk a new branch-crown appears,
And, lives its life—then dies; yet from this death
Again fair branches spring, so, till in airs
High up, a trunk of stalks thy branches bears.
“New life from death”—thy growth-voice whispereth.

Oh, is not man's own life so like to thine?
He springs out from the womb—with no support—
He grows—his childhood dies; then youth hath
sport,
That dies, so manhood live; then age divine
Is propped up by those deaths—in wisdom hoar—
As thou, in airs sublime, forevermore.

Biskra, Jan. 27th, 1893.

WELCOME TO THE PACIFIC.

Hail, hail! ye waves that swash upon the beach,
That bounds Pacific's green-blue surface far,
From golden California's fruitful reach.

Hail, hail! Pacific Ocean!—waves that bar
Man's enterprise, yet glide him stormily
To China and to India's towns and plains.
At Santa Monica, at first my eye
Felt your salt breeze, so cool and mild, that reigns

Not inland; there your bluffs and noble coast
Compare with those at Nice; and there the sea
Comes dreamily, with strains from Neptune's host;
And sparkling, from the sun that shines so free.
And though I've heard, six thousand miles away,
Fair Scio's surf, thou singest the same sad lay!

Santa Monica, 1889.

NEAR THE WATER-GAP.

Here is a spot within these beauteous woods

Reared high above the winding Delaware
That well would suit for Oread-solitudes,

Where they could bind the garland, shield and rare,
That chains them to a dreamy circular dance.

This summit is level rock, but overgrown
With dense long mosses green, that must entrance
Their feet, and, too, their Satyrs, lying down!

If, in these weary days of city life—

And given to gain, or far from festive joy,
This dream of mine be wrong, though there is strife,

And, for the want of love, pride doth annoy—
Then would this spot be fit for me and thee
To lie on, lost in love's own pleasures free!
1899.

A CONCEIT.

If perchance some pedant would proclaim—

Most poets idle days and years away
In nursing vain thoughts just for fame,
I'll smile at him the while, and say,
To wit, my sir, most poets pay
Their homage to the winged company,
And they have with them lay and lay
That build for them their fair posterity.

If men that live their lives in gain and show

Deride the poets' meditative ways,
And urge they lead a wasted life, I trow
I'll prove to them that poets' days
Are spent in deep research and lovely dreams,
Are steeped in glorious deeds; and more—
Their works are proof that they had gleams
Of worlds and life beyond earth's common shore.

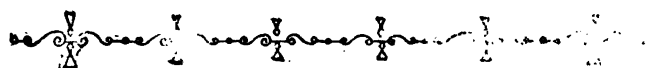
If pedants come, perchance, to loud complain

That poets fritter days and years away,
And are no use to mankind, are all vain,
I'll laugh him in the face and say,
Ha, ha! you know so much, but pay
No homage to the winged company—
You die aft' living, with no spirit-weal,
We die, engarlanded and heaven-free,
Prepared to welcome what high spirits feel.

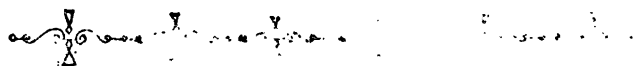
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EVENING NEAR ITHACA, N. Y.



De Frome.





EVENING NEAR ITHACA, N. Y.



At Home.



MARGHUERITE.

Thou lovest sounds of mellow tone,
 Soft plaintive melodies;
We two were by the vines alone
 While bluey-dark, the skies
Made glow the awaking stars to brilliant gold—
Methought we dreamed in golden days of old.

One note I touched; and, fast thy head ..
 Fell down to languorous dreams.
Thy tress, part tangled; thy body said
 It felt the languid beams
That streamed from that Beethoven's soul in tone—
That song he wrote before his saddened life had gone.

I let my fingers bloom the tune,
 That plaintively doth rise
From out the sad tale of a moon
 To the wild moans of skies
That thrill all man's despair.—Didst thou too feel
The passion in it, and the fervor leal?

But through the wail, thine eyes were lost
In the sad transport of
The melody that swelled, and tost
The soul to divine love.
Ah! Marghuerite! those tones were spelling thee,
I saw thy body sway so languorously!

Thou in that tune hadst slept
A sleep, the melody told.
Ah! me! Beethoven must have wept
When he those notes had rolled
Like plaintive thunder, when the skies are clear,
Into that piece which is to thee so dear.

He must have seen his wraith before
Him, while he wrote the song;
And seen his past glide by his door
And all of this world's wrong.
In his despair he sang perfidious lays,
Yet wove through them the beams of Love's own
days!

And shall I tell thee what in him
Had risen, while he wrote;
Each tear that purled; each trembling whim;
Each curse that clutched his throat?
Ah! Marghuerite, while lost in that gloom-strain,
Think of these words I would not write again!

Fare thee well!
Fare thee well!
Joy to me
In my misery!
Fare thee well!
Thou body of my soul;
The only spell
To cheer life's saddest goal,
Fare thee well!

All my life was sadness;
Part was divine madness,
With no love to speak;
Vengeance aye to wreak.
Till in desperation,
Dead to life's elation,
Fire grew within me—
Blasts whirled wild within me.
But, O music-soul,
Thou wert my sweet goal,
Where, in dreams to lie
Far from misery!
Fare thee well!
Only consolation
In my desolation!

Wroth at man; at all his tinsel;
White with rage that life means money;

Pleading for a final surcease;
Longing to be in the Heaven
All my rage doth melt in thee
Murmuring houri of soul's melody!

Deep I felt the chill of brooding;
Brooding how to better mankind.
Deeper was my grief at knowing
All was vain—they will not listen;
So in thee I found a loving friend,
Thou ministrant to all sorrow-laden to their end!

Friend thou wast, but never woman,
Woman, she delightful, plenished
With high Heaven's fairest gifts—
O my sweet Bettina! whither
Hast thou gone, in blooming girlhood?
When I dream, then sorrow lifts
Her pale veil; I see old phantoms,
All that urged my genius sing;
All that lured me to this passion,
Such great woe could never cease then
If thou hadst not been so loving—
Thou, fair Genius, with the Seraph-wing!

Oh! to thee a farewell-song
My sad thoughts must melodise
When in me white phantoms throng:
Ghosts of all my miseries.
So, farewell, thou friend, thou love;
Fare thee well!

Ah! Marghuerite! lay down thy head
Upon the piano's ebon edge,
And dream, as though an Angel led
Thee to life's ultimate glory-ledge.
So sit; and let me play that tune of woe
While thou dost languish, ah! dost languish so!

Thou lovest songs of mellow tone,
Soft plaintive melodies;
We were beneath the vines alone
While far, the starry skies
Proclaimed they felt the dreamy Spirit's dole,
As it arose from great Beethoven's soul!

Oh! when I play that song again
Of thee I'll dream; and bend
My pensive head, as thou didst then,
Sweet Marghuerite, my friend.
So will our mutual memories be woven
Into that song-throe of our peer, Beethoven.

Niantic, Con., 1889.

LINES (FRAGMENT).

I sat me on a rotten stump, along
The road's incline down to a marshy space;
Around me grew wild-flowers of the swale.
I was one of them; and I felt in touch
With all their freedom, all their fairness rare,
And then I mused. And while I dreamed among
Those flowers, herbs, and plants; among the twigs,
The stumps of fallen trees, a thought—a thought
That others in the common walk of life
Might have, but never can express—possessed
My mind of sudden, for all to know: I saw
The easy kine graze on a hilly field;
And saw their lolling tongues, their soulless eyes;
Their slowly swaying heads; and found them fain
To cherish grass from lush grown meadows low.
But found them chary to exert their eyes
To seek new food; or try to find new nooks.
They moved in fields well known to them; they ate
Their nature-apportioned food well-satisfied;
But not an eager look bespoke desire
To know more than their instinct prompted them.

"Yes, they are animals; and many in our race
Act likewise; hence the many think us poets
Gone mad, for they, that make the multitude,
Eat, move, and that is all; but never think
To learn from nature's myriad works, nor deign
To delve in all her many mysteries.
Thought, observation, love of nature, calm
Desire to know of things that grow about,
To these, the soul's rare light; all these alone
Make of the animal a human man!
And highest is the poet true. He should
Delight in thoughts abstruse; should know the truths
Of science high; and sift the material dross,
To show that, underlying science, bloom
The powers that have let man find the laws
Of nature, and the elements, and the things
Of various forms which glorious science, since
The birth of study, has been tabulating.
He should find music sweetest pastime; art
In all its vast variety should engross him.
In occult matters he should be a peer,
For he hath all the sudden insight deep
That seers have. A dreamer he must be.
A reader quick, of men and women fair.
Such must the poet hold within his mind,
And by his Heaven-kept soul must quicken all,
Hence is it rare that greatest poets live:
A Shakespeare, Dante, Aeschylus, or Homer.

And, rarer still, is the acknowledgment
Of such a genius while he lives alone."

So thought I, as among the flowers I sat :
The swale at foot of me ; the meadow low
Stretching a furlong down the valley-brook.
And then I saw the darning-needles poise
Above the quiet pool ; their wings of gauze
In incessant vibration kept ; then they would dart
Away ten feet, to poise again ; and so
They poise, and dart away through all the day,
Just seeking food. The thyme was blowing there
And to its hairy blossoms bees went winging.
They sought the nectar—they had no deep thought
To ask why on the stamens pollen stayed ;
Nor why the purple blossom differed strange
From blooms of jonquil or the eglantine.

SONG.

Along the road, above the river down below,
With glimpses, now and then, of near Shawnee,
With new, bright heart, my lonely way I go,
Admiring each fair-blooming chestnut-tree.
Tra-la, tra-la! the sun shines bright
And in my gloomy soul there's new delight.

And by a spring that runs from down the hill,
I rest me; there 'tis cool, and fresh, and calm.
The robin sings, the catbirds chase; all else is still
And there I taste once more seclusion's balm.
Tra-la, tra-la! the evening comes
And in my weary heart a new, fair blossom blooms.

Then on again;—the trees along give shade and grace.
By fences ripen blackcaps, some for me to taste,
But never do I meet with any human face—
I might as well be on some heath-grown waste.
Tra-la, tra-la! all nature shines;
And on my thought, a fresh, sweet mood reclines.

Home-bound, I walk along the high, fair river-road;
The sun is in my face; the sky is clear; and, down
Below, the river-islands love their fruit-blessed load.
While, far, Mount Pocono lies blue, the hills to
crown.
Tra-la, tra-la! the sun is low,
And hope and love have chased away my long-felt
woe!

SONG.

O Beulah-Land! O Beulah-Land!
High on the mountain's' wildwood crest
To dream there, with thy view so far
 Between the craggy Water-Gap.
With fond Affection there to rest
 Upon my lap,
Would be a dream of Kandahar—
Or sweet as love by Samarkand.

Oh! there the eagle sails sublime
Above the sheer rock, pine-tree-clad.
And there the nearby oak-trees call
As whirling winds dash 'gainst the ledge.
 And far, athrough the Gap, the glad
Town's smile, near to the river's edge,
While, farther, like a wavy wall,
The blue-faint mountains lie thro' unknown time.

O Beulah-Land! O Beulah-Land!
Oh! wild is thy high mountain-seat,
 With view far thro' the Water-Gap.
Oh! there to dream with Love my pheer;
With kiss and fond caress so meet;
 Affection on my lap:
'Twould be a dream as fair and dear
As dream by fairy Samarkand!

Delaware Water-Gap, Pa.

FOR THE EGLANTINE.

Just a song for thee, pink eglantine,
That growest the mossy rock so near.
Where the sumac low and harmless vine
Give thee a life of daily cheer.

Cinquoils nestle near thee; and that plant,
Solomon's seal, nods spikes of flowers:
Wee white blooms; thou hast no need, no want;
Sweet company through both twelve hours.

Hardy bush, as strong as rocks all grey;
Thou blowest there, thro' the Summer long.
Sleeping through the Winter's white affray,
Rebloomng when June sings her song.

Fit art thou to use for bridal-wreath;
So pink thy flowers as maiden's blush.
Wild rose! growing all the rock beneath—
And trembling when the wind doth rush—

Take this song, as simple as thy flower;
Oh! would the world were as to thee
Satisfied with nature's simple power
To give thee charm and fragrancy!

TO THE BOBOLINK.

Thou Bobolink! thou Bobolink!
With breast, and wings, and tail, all black;
 With ermine back,
And top of head as white as snow;
Thou lov'st to sing above the brink
O' the flowery meadow-pool, so clear,
 Thy song, so dear
To all the winds that rush, or blow.

Upon the hazel-twigg, that bends
To all the stress, and gentle sway
 Of winds at play,
Thou waitest till thy mate doth sing
His silvery tune, that softly rends
The sun-thrilled glorious Summer-air,
 Then up you fare:
Two rivals in sweet trillering!

Disporting there: sailing; or swift,
In transport, fluttering o'er the mead,
 Where gold-bees feed;
Then, gliding on the wind adown.

Then up again—till there you drift,
Like leaves borne on the Autumn-wind;
 Till soon you find
Your home, hid in the hazel-crown.

Thou bobolink! Thou bobolink!
 Sweet is thy dwelling by the pool—
 So deep, and cool—
 Where nenuphars bloom large and gold;
And flowers and hazels, on the brink,
 Blow tales of mountains, that loom high
 Into the sky,
 Beyond this vale, thy lovely fold!

Intervale, Vt.

IMPROMPTU.

This deep long pool that widens from the brook
Whose source is in those mountains high;
This new-mown lawn-across that jungly nook
The western sun is wheeling down the clear blue
sky—

All this sweet congregation of Nature's beauteous
dowers
Would most attract a mind with Bion's Pan-blessed
powers!

Here 'twould be fair to be like Adam, undismayed,
And find a lass to be an Eve awhile—
To splatter water on her bosom, unafraid
To find harsh censure from the world's low guile,
Then swim with her through cold, deep waters green
and blue,
While Northern winds the air and woods with songs
imbue!

But oh, 'tis all a futile dream, I trow
Sweet nature's joys are lost to maid and man—
She sits at home, thinking of dress and show—
While he must think of some new business plan.
And thus it is the fish enjoy the crystal waters cold—
The birds sing tunes—and only poets love this fold.

This deep long pool is fair to dream by on a day
When clearest skies hear Northern winds sing clear,
And though no lass sits nigh—the sudden lay
Of a lonely bird sounds all consoling here—
But sad to dream that nevermore may man and maid
Bathe fearless in this pool all in the beechen shade!

July 16, 1898.

A THOUGHT.

They say, those people who to art are foes :

“Write stories that the masses love—

“Write naught that with high wisdom glows,

“Nor sweet with scents of a woodland grove—

“Write so they understand all what you say.

“Write but of boots, and ties, and hireling’s pay.”

But then sweet Poesy, flower-draped—

Quick whispered in my willing ear :

“Care not, what from those lips escaped,

“ ’Twas idle chatter for fools to hear—

“Friend, chose my voice, that sings fair melodies—

“You show that you’re above their fallacies!”

“For gaze around you, in all works

Of Nature, God did as He chose ;

His work remains thus and He shirks

Not to reduce the beauteous rose

To some more simple flower petal-free—

Or change the oak into a two-branched tree!

He loved to form the complex fly

With hundred eyes and hirsute legs—

But with the dolt’s wish He’d not comply

To change it to the shape of dregs—

Far easier then ’twould be to study well

The dreg-shape than the fly’s : inscrutable!”

“Go lie in Summer’s fields awhile,
And note some beetle’s wondrous wing
With rare designs the eyes to beguile—
And each hue’s richest coloring;
God dared to create such work that He loved best,
He listened not to some low mind’s request!”

“He made the icy waters bubble
Through pebbles, till a spring saw birth—
For Him it gave no pain nor trouble
He loved to orn His cherished earth—
But in so doing He nor asked an one
Nor cared if some would its cool waters shun.”

“He wrought—most complex things; they are;
No pity for those minds who carp—
Let them aim at some sky-throned star
Or try to tune a larger harp—
God does not change His wonders for their whims—
As Solomon ne’er changed his lofty hymns!”

“Sing on, my child; ay, loftier, sweeter!
Till with your songs you enter Heaven—
Care not if vulgar tunes be meeter—
Nor if the world be earthward driven.
So many obstacles the less for you;
The world loves all the masses, God the few!”

So sang sweet Poesy, thought-endear'd ;
And to Her Voice I answered strong :
"I'll care not if the world has cheered
Those men who wrote a worldly song—
I'll sing the songs I love the best—and be
A god, throned in God's fair immensity.

And when they wish some earthly lay,
From my lyre's countless quickening strings,
I'll think of God who made His Day
Regardless of man's murmurings—
And shirking worldly songs I'll mount God's car,
And sing of Spirit and Beauty—near and far !
July 19, 1898.

SEPTEMBER IS DYING.

The golden-rod
Doth gild the sod;
The crickets chirr;
The locusts demur;
The lemon butterflies
Flutter 'neath azure skies;
Here blooms the clover pink—
There blue-birds softly drink—
And, where the fence leans 'gainst the fruity apple-
tree,
Upon the vine-bloom sips and works the grey-haired
bee.

The dogwood rare
Hath berries fair
So ripe and red
As lips, love-bled—
So crimson, claret-clear
As nymph-cheeks when her swain is near.
The eglantine hath berries too—
Not scarlet, but pale orange-hue.
All bushes show their various berries now—
While children steal the fruits from each rich bough.

Not all the flowers
Have left the bowers;
The gold star-bloom
Hath yet perfume—
The asters, large or small, wink on—
And yet the cowslips love the sun.
And, richer still, the phlox doth blush alone—
While the red-coloring vine-leaves hide a stone.

The apples' green—
The peaches' sheen—
The plum's deep blue—
The pear's gold hue—
The wild-vine's shorly fruits—
Its crimson leaves and shoots—
All all vie with the colors of the fall;
And each to transmutation grows a thrall!

SUNSET-LAKE.

[*A Summit Lake on Mt. Tattamy, N. J.*]

He would not join me. So I started. Down
The hillock; through one village-street; then onward
O'er meadows green and bosky. Across the track;
Under the covered bridge that spans the creek
Called Analomink, swiftly dashing towards
The Delaware, to pour its mountain-waters;
Upon the weathered railroad-ties; to the bridge,
Whose iron-spans bend to the weight of cars,
Freighted for commerce, filled with traveling folk.
'Twas facing danger, yet my nervous limbs
Grew strong at my will's staunch determination
To shirk the sense of dizziness; they cheered
The last unsafe and fateful tie, that brought
Me to the other bank; uphill, 'long a gulley,
Grim-furrowed by equinoctial herald-rains—
Enframed with vines, and flowers, fruit-trees green,
And button-shrubs, and flowered fences. On—
The highway, with its clustering dreams of pear,

Of apple; its zig-zag hedges—woven sweet
With golden-rod, and numerous field-flowers fair;
And vistas on the blue-hazed Water Gap,
With streaks of river's steel, or river's blue
Within the valleys green. An inn, whose life
Was the sweet daughter, who brought the fat cow's
tribute

To the translucent jar. She seemed a picture
Such Titian loved to paint, Lavinia-like.
That dreamy innocence, with suspecting knowledge
Shone from her fair brown eyes, a Cupid-mouth
That waited for a kiss; a shape, Lavinia's
Was the sweet model, firm and full, a woman's:
With maiden's shyful grace; a beauty-lass.
But sad it was to see that one brown hand
Was maimed. (One tear for her!) Short sweet
adieux!

Adown the river-road, that waved, and stretched
To Shawnee-ferry: ideal spot, with chestnuts,
Oaks, elms, and graceful birch-trees, and the alder.
Ideal shore, with view on the downward ilse,
The bosky banks, and wooded distant mounts,
And upward sheets of water, fair enframed
With velvet hills and azure mountains far.
On—to a farm-house near the river's bluff;
To right, and through the barnyard to a road
That climbs the steep foot of Mount Tattamy.

Passed a forsaken farm—then, hearing gurgling
And murmurous sounds come from the right-hand
copse

Thither I turned—surprise awaited me,
A thundering fall plunged into a rock-pool.
And spray shed gentle rain;—it was a sylph—
A Limniad-bevy, greeting one who loves, admires,
The wild scenes of strange nature in her freedom!
“The lake must feed this brook” conjecturing, said
My reason; “hence, by following its loud music,
My destination will be found.” So up the brook;
As a mountaineer, my hands clutched roots and rocks;
Succession of fair falls, and cascades silvery
Without an end! this one, fair for a painting,
With foam, and breches adown a slanting rock;
Another, like a magic fluid haubert, ever
Upon a long and reddish sag, with lace
Eternally in motion, glow-fringing it.
Farther above: a mass of foam that shoots
From forth a ferny gloom, then plunges madly
Into a rock-filled basin; higher yet:
A Dryad’s dream, with wilderness of the woods
With many falls and cascades sistering;
And felled, or levin-riven trees across a pool;
Or jutting from a foam-slapped crag. Up—up—
The falls are lost—a rivulet doth ripple here
While the ground is not so rocky—and the steep

Is now behind me. Here's the watershed!
From 'neath those fallow ferns, hickers a brook,
Unseen before; and, further on, small sheets
Of water chequer the fern-floor, so golden
From which such graceful lindens, ash-trees grow
To charm the quietude with cathedral grandeur.
This brook leads to the lake. I rest me here
And listen to the language of these solemn wilds.

1889.

VAGARY.

I would to be yon snowy cloud
By Summer-breezes slowly driven—
Scarce moving—yet content to float
Below the sunlit, azure heaven.

To sail in sweet tranquillity—
Forgetful of all human pride—
There, there 'twould be so all divine
To roam o'er airy regions wide.

Far better fare as yon snowy cloud—
Than know one shorn of his own kind;
I'd sail in blissful ease along
And leave all broil and hate behind.

Then dream of days when love will rule,
Where now but show and pride prevail,
Oh! be yon snowy cloud—to have
With God the freedom from all wail.

TO ROSE, THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL POET.

I said all to myself, when seeing thee

Thou hadst rare thoughts and quick-born wits—
And that thy large, bright chestnut-eyes could be

The portals to a soul that fits
An one, who meditates more than the motley crowd;
And to some Muse thought's moody solitudes had
vowed.

And true, this noon thou cam'st to me to ask

A pencil, so thou couldst indite
What to thy child-mind streamed without a task;
A bit of verse, caught in the light
Of day, upon the blue and rippled river; songs
Of birds; and sweet life, that in whispery woodland
throngs.

Then grew my mind astonished, for so young

Thou art, scarce eight years in this world,
Yet through thy soul an inspiration sung
Of nature's things with life impearled;
And in ten minutes thou didst write it down for me
To read—for all to wonder at thy faculty.

Large orbs of color rare almost of hue,
As dried leaves upon a fallen bough
Of some old oak, that last fair Autumn slew—
Brown with rare gold commingled;—how
Shall poet say?—go to the woods and such leaves find
When through the Summer rushes, cool, the North-
west wind.

Of such rare hue thy orbs are, poet-child,
Thy tresses rich gold-red, as Titian's hue—
How young to feel within a spirit mild,
That prompts thee with a singing true,
Oh! in the days to come, mayhap thy songs will move
Those of this world, that shall rare Poesy love.

So take this tribute as a beacon strong,
To lead thee to the poet's laurel years—
And may the sweetness of thy whispered song
Dry from the weary-hearted many tears.
Oh! girl-child Rose! unconscious of thy future fame,
May years of joyous song give thee a world-loved
name.

IMMORTAL SONGS.

Immortal songs, that come
Like specks of vapor in the dawn
Then take the sun's rare golden lawn,
As they swell to fair clouds like foam;
Then float in glory, matchless fair,
Within the sun-loved morning-air!

Well, well for those, that see
Fair scenes within the mind's vast lands.
But sweetest sense who understands
To show them as reality
To others;—he hath the rarest gift:
Through beauty-songs life's woe to lift!

Immortal songs, that come
Like far off specks, that nearer draw;
Till, soon a train, such as Hafiz saw
In dreams, doth by us roam.
So, from flash-thoughts, the poet's power
Builds beauty-tales, sweet as God's flower!

MUSIC IN THE AIR.

There is music in the air, oh! music!

The Northeast wind is ranging o'er the land;
The trees of woods and orchards, all are bending
Their boughs in glory of the singing band.

Music in the grass, in bushes, in the forests;
And music in the Northeast wind so free.
Such is beauty in the cloudy, breezy weather
Oh! let my thoughts in such fair singing be!

Out upon the crests of hillocks, there it bloweth;
What songs chivalric sings the wind to-day!
Then my soul shouts with the blowing of the
Northwind
My mood is calm to sing my fairest lay!

LINES.

He showeth his perfection in a flower—
He is destructive in his evil-power.
Deva, Siva; good, and evil—both in one;
Out of sweets and horrors hath this strange world
grown.

Darkness breedeth; light ekes fairest shapes,
Never life from the Almighty's Hands escapes.
What is dead revives in other forms, and so
Must we be content with this world's joy and woe!

A WONDER.

O Genius! I wonder what thou art;
If thou art individual, or of me a part.
For, truly, I may not tell how come those songs
When sudden to me the poetic feeling throngs.
I think not, nor do deep contemplate what to write.
I lay me down; and, lo! then shines thy hallowed
Light!

O Genius! art thou Heaven's antipast,
Where all our doings are but play, to ever last?
Or art thou Heaven's laughter, sent to the man
Who saw some heaven's sign, and understood God's
plan?
I muse, as doth the quiet day; lo! as clouds appear,
In the blue sky—thy songs are ever, ever near!

I wonder what thou art! For in youth I knew
Not thy sweet presence; sudden, as the Spring-
blooms grew
Out of the frosty ground, thou cam'st; and, now,
Thou chasest me, and hauntest me! Before my
brow,
As glorious dawn, there spring glow-lights and hoary
words;
And, soon, thoughts, numerous as heads of prairie-
herds!

Paris, 1887.

HAPPINESS.

The liquid cadences of woodbirds, flying
From tree to tree, when now the Summer is dying.
And flashes of high Autumn's birth are vying
With gladioli in their crimson splendor.
To such a free life would my heart surrender.
Oh! in the clear still woods, with winds ablowing—
The flies' soft murmur, and the locusts' singing—
The babble-song of woodbirds, and the glowing
Sweet rays ashining through the leaves, awinging
From insects, all their prime of life enjoying—
Such would be happiness without the world's annoying.

LINES.

I love to dip my nose deep in the necks
Of those white-colored gladioli rare;
For think I thus to seem a bee, that sips
The honey from the golden pollen fair.
Oh! gorge my sense of smell with that perfume
Till, with it, maudlin I do dream away
To groves where many Zillahs, thro' the gloom
Of tropic even, sing their love-lorn lay.
Oh! so to be at rest with all this wild career
Which all call life, but I a consummation drear.

LINES.

Here is a seat fit for a Visigoth ;
I should deem so. For he could swiftly hurl
His javelin from this high ledge far down
Upon yon wild and intricate swamp that sleeps.
And he could see upon yon distant mount
The signal fires burst their flames up high
To the starred heavens—here they wide expand,
High looking over all the mountain-summits.
Upon this wide and downward slant of rock
Grown o'er with densest mosses, grasses here,
And, there, tall, dreamy-branched firs, he could
His warrior's dances exercise, at morn ;
At noon his venison spike ; at even-time
His camp-fire dress, and laud the old, old moon,
When over yonder mount it stately rises.

THE WRITER A HERO.

Oh! why is he hero, the writer of stories
The poet; the dreamer, the serious scribe?
He reapeth his harvest, his lucent high glories,
He shirketh the flatterer, refuseth a bribe.
Oh! why is he hero?—He fights all his wars
With valiant steel-heart, tho' his feelings show scars!

Defeat is not death; after bleeding awhile,
Like tortured fair flowers, he braveth the foe;
True Angels bring news to him; swiftly beguile
His worry-fraught hours, and soothes all his woe.
Because he dies not on the field of the fight,
He is hero; and conquers, refinding God's Light.

Oh! why is he hero who writes and who singeth?
Because, tho' abused, he trusteth to Heaven.
Oh! why is he hero, who God's message bringeth?
Because, tho' they taunt him, he trusts in God's
 steven.

O writers, kind-guided by Mystery—hark!
You're heroes because you enlighten the dark!

1888.

THE MISTLETOE.

The mistletoe, a parasitic vine,
As doth the evergreening pine,
Grows verdant when the plain is bare,
And cold winds blow all through the air—
It is like love that shows its power
All seasons, and at every hour—
So doth the mistletoe.

See, on the Texan plain all trees
And herbs lie bare to Winter's breeze,
But ever sappy, ever green,
On leafless trees is to be seen
The mistletoe.

So seems to me the poet's heart is,
For though vile strife and jeer his part is—
Though cold the world is to his songs,
He ever sings of hope, and throngs
His lays with green thoughts, fair as is,
Upon the brown, bare desert trees,
The mistletoe.

THOU CAMEST.

Thou camest as a sprite of morn;
As stars of dawn thine eyne did sparkle;
As sassapis, thy lithesome grace
Was carried; and sweetness did adorn
Thy fairy-frame, thy waist, thy face.
Thou camest as a sprite from revel.

Those casements of the flighty thought
They 'lumed, and glittered, and they babbled.
Mine answered shyly—till, like seas
Catch all the glowing skies, they caught
Thine intermittent flatteries.
Our eyes were learned in a moment!

And longing and desire flamed.
As the retreating eve from moonlight,
Thou wouldst not leave me lorn and sad—
But showedst fair signs, not all ashamed,
That sympathetic yearning had
Bloomed, like the dawn and earth for sun-rise!

Thou camest, as the flash of sun
To gloomy woods; the rippled waters
Were as the sprinkling from thine eyes.
With blowing flowers thou wert one.
A sprite thou art, fair as morn-skies;
As rays through beauteous clouds thou camest!

A WALK.

We walked up a canon; stupendous
Precipices opened their jaws to engulf us.
Sweet glades we sat in, where live-oaks
Wove dreams, of primitive wildernesses,
When Cortez' men made sparkle their verdure.
There sang a sylvan streamlet, where flowers:
The cardinal, the laurel, and the honey-blossoms,
Sent fragrance around the loneliness there.
Huge boulders hung threat'ning above us.
The rampant vegetation spread darkness,
Yet gloomily brightened by morn-glories,
Set there like jewels. We lingered:
We heard the quail; heard the ground-squirrel;
Yet never caught the sound of *mystery*—
For *two* walked together. The last day
I face her alone—when I'm dying!
Del Mar, Cal.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

TO SHAKESPEARE.

I've travelled far—
I've travelled long
To see where thy mementoes are.
But when I came
Oh! not a throng
Of Britons knew thy wondrous name.

I sat me there
Where now they keep
Thy room and things with greatest care,
But not an one
(I had to weep),
Spoke to me, who was all alone.

Thy fellow-men,
O Shakespeare great!
Have lost the human heart of then.
Only conceit
(Oh! woful state!)
Prompts them, when they a fellow meet.

I've seen the hearth
Where thy sweet love,
Sweet Anne, made thee so glad on earth.
I've walked the garden
(Near to the grove)
Where thou didst dream, thine only Arden!

I've travelled long—
I've travelled far—
To where of yore thou sang'st thy song—
And there I met—
'Neath England's star—
A loveless crowd, to my regret!
Written in cars.

LITTLE GIRLIE.

Little girlie! little girlie!

How I would like to kiss you.

But when you're gone, oh! when you're gone,

Then I shall ever miss you.

Oh! longing in this world is bitter pain—

But desiring without return is more than pain!

IN THE HAMMOCK.

(A Song.)

In the hammock, swinging—swinging—

To and fro,

There a girl is singing—singing—

Soft and low.

Bright the sun-rays dapple all the green ;

Boughs of trees the summer-sunlight screen.

Is she dreaming in her teens—who say ?

Ah ! she's idling there the hours away !

In the hammock, swinging—swinging—

To and fro,

There she's singing—singing—singing—

Soft and low !

Darky lullabies she's singing—

Humming low ;

While the hammock she is swinging—

To and fro.

She's a fair Virginian, lips abloom ;

Body slender ; graceful, wasplike waist.

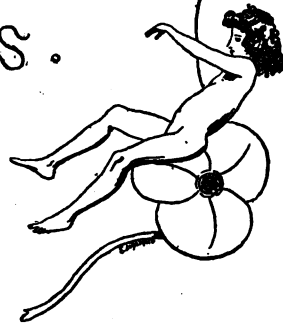
Dreaming in her teens of life's odd doom;
Thinking how her womanhood be graced.
While a lullaby she's singing—
 Soft and low;
And the hammock there is swinging—
 To and fro.

In the hammock, swinging—swinging—
 To and fro,
There a young, fair girl is singing
 Soft and low.
Idle hours 'neath the pine-trees pass.
Sunrays dapple all the flowery grass.
Is she dreaming in her teens?—who say?
She must think of love's far golden day.
There she's singing—singing—singing—
 Soft and low;
While the hammock there is swinging
 To and fro.

Delaware Water Gap.



Finis.



**TO L. M. ELSHEMUS, NEW YORK
CITY.**

(On Reading His Poems.)

Untiring gleaner in the realms of taste,
From languorous East unto the Golden West
By emerald seas or mountains girt with snow
Of nature's artists truest and the best.

For you no terror has the Wood or Wild,
Nor rugged Sierras in their ghostly white
Your artist sense fills all the world of space,
Thou art indeed a true Cosmopolite.

You hold the key, the open ses-a-me,
The mystic Cabala to the clouds and air,
Call spirit voices from the mist and rain,
And see God's glorious pictures everywhere.

You paint in words and on the canvas trace
The heart all pure and open friendly hand,
Teach earth-tied pilgrims how to smoothe the way
And be at home and ease in every land.

Where'er you go may camp fires brightly burn,
The fast closed doors fly open at your will,
Companions ever find, or if you choose,
Then happy thoughts may give you pleasure still.

C. H. COLLINS, OF HILLSBORO, OHIO.

August 28th, 1897.

Other Books by the Same Author.

1. **THE MOODS OF A SOUL: Being a Collection of Lyrics, Ballads and Sonnets.**

2. **"LADY" VERE, AND OTHER NARRATIVES.**

"They contain excellent conceptions and musical and pleasant lines."—Buffalo Evening News.

"The poetry of Mr. Elshemus is marked by its extreme lucidity."—New York Sun.

"The man who wrote 'Lady' Vere, Delorme, and Latake need not fear any competition in that line. He is master of it."—C. H. C., Hillsboro News, O.

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